

No 112

THE UNCONQUERABLE

*Concerning the Christian Mission
in a World at War*

BY CHARLES TUDOR LEBER



New York

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To
LOUISE
and
CHARLES, BETTY and DON
*who have carried on valiantly
as I have journeyed far*

more than conquerors through Him

Foreword

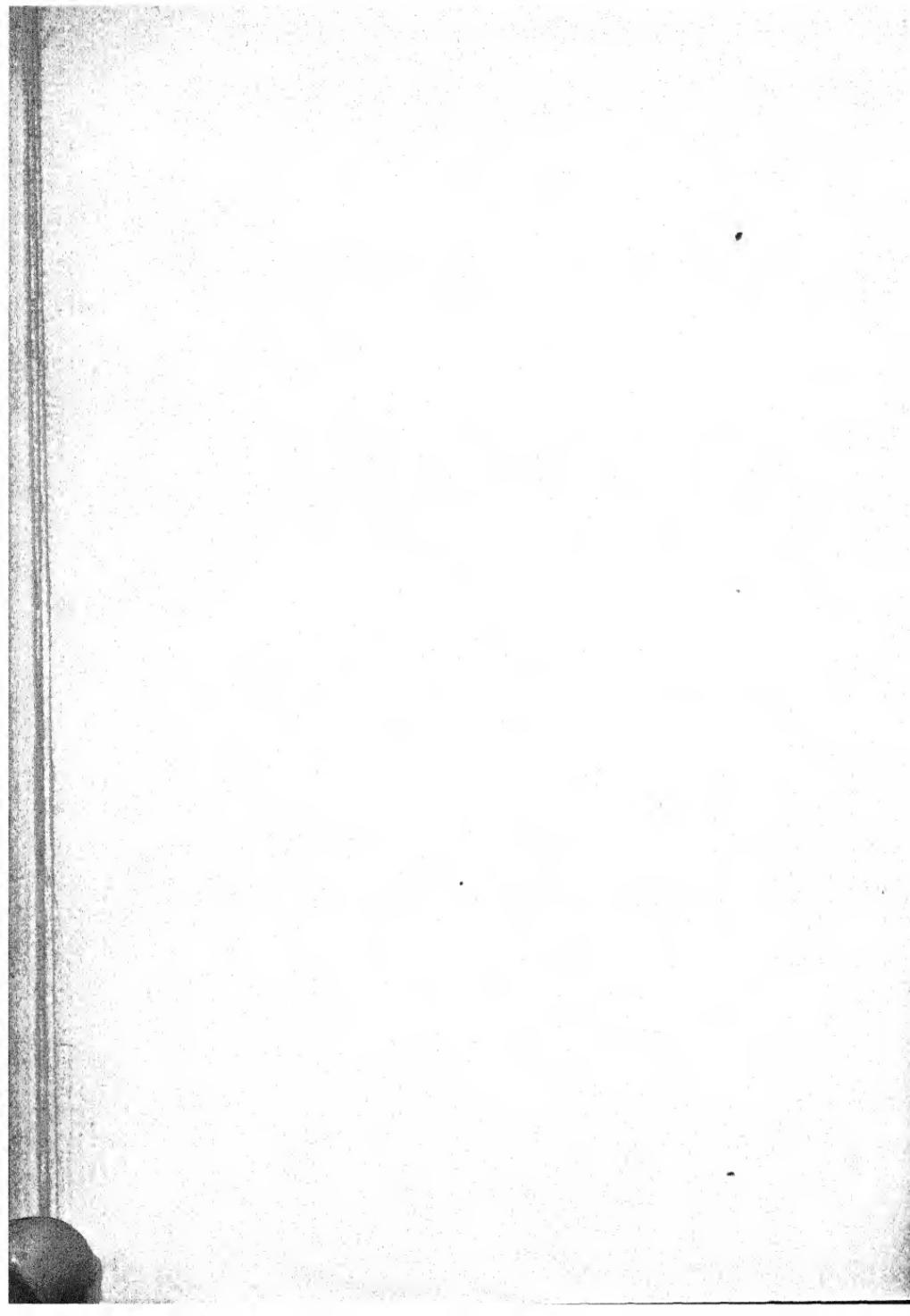
THIS BOOK is obviously not a treatise on world Christianity. It is a simple sharing of findings and convictions as to certain aspects of the Christian movement in the world today, upon the background of two pilgrimages around the world during the past six years. It is offered in response to those who have heard recent addresses and conversations and have been generous enough to request that there be some permanent record. Not the professional mind but the inquiring heart has been foremost in my thinking in the preparation of these pages.

To the members and my colleagues on the board I serve and to innumerable friends in church and mission in this land and across the world I am indebted beyond words for all this volume intimates of their generosity, confidence and comradeship, as well as for the story which the chapters try to tell.

Mary A. Nesbitt, my associate for almost ten years, has made this little book possible by her invaluable counsel and constant assistance.

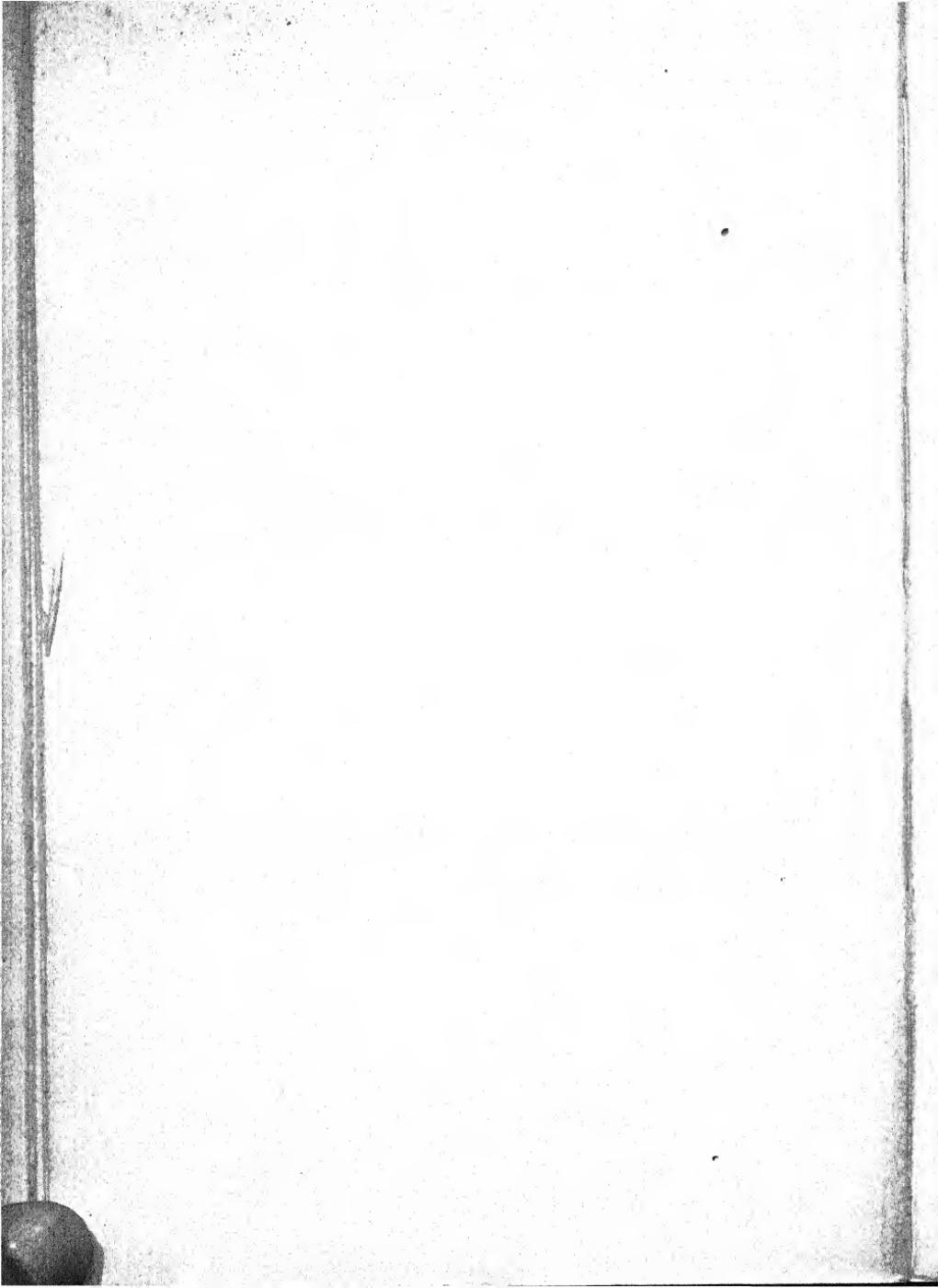
C. T. L.

New York City



Contents

I.	WILDERNESS JOURNEY	- - - - -	9
II.	WITH WINGS AS EAGLES	- - - - -	29
III.	TO THE UTTERMOST PARTS	- - - - -	43
IV.	CHRISTIANITY IN TROUBLE	- - - - -	65
V.	THE PRODUCTION OF ENDURANCE	- - - - -	86
VI.	THE SILENT REVOLUTION	- - - - -	100
VII.	CARRY RELIGION TO VICTORY	- - - - -	120
VIII.	UNEXPLORED REMAINDERS	- - - - -	135
	REFERENCES	- - - - -	159



I

WILDERNESS JOURNEY

IN A WORLD shattered by conquerors, I have seen the unconquerable. In lands where life might now be moving freely and creatively along peaceful highways, war and fear of war have made a wilderness. But the Voice is still heard. His Truth is marching on. Our religion is being carried to victory. There are foretastes of the future. Hope springs eternal. There is the Kingdom which cannot be shaken.

What an unforgettable experience it was to pull out of the Grand Central Terminal in New York City, wave good-by to the family on the platform and start on a second journey around the world. It was different from the first journey. Not only because of the uncertainty of travel, but the mission to which we were assigned was so precarious. Ever since the assignment had been announced, I had drawn away from this task, and now that the train was actually carrying me on my way, I was afraid. Not physically afraid, it was spiritual fear. To be told to go out across the world in a time of war and tension; to carry a message to men and women who were paying such a price for their faith as were Christians in the Philippines, Thailand, India and Africa; to have a sufficient word for those who would come to see us out of China and Japan; to talk with Christian veterans about the world task of the church—the prospects were quite overwhelming. Here I was, with my life of comparative ease and freedom and my weaknesses, setting

forth on a mission to men and women who were being tested severely for their convictions and were standing by heroically. I thought of the Christian Chinese, Filipinos, Japanese, Thais, Indians and Africans I knew and countless others of whom I had heard. Reflecting on the previous visit to East Asia there returned vivid memories of courageous and faithful Christians. It was not unwillingness to go among them. I was afraid.

In the streamlined train tearing along toward Chicago I sought for courage. As you would have done, I turned to the New Testament—to words old and familiar. Never had they spoken with more meaningfulness and power than they did in that sleeping car. I found again the secret of the strength a man's soul may possess. There came to me: "My grace is sufficient for thee: for my strength is made perfect in weakness."¹ I was no longer afraid. Six months later in New York, having traveled across East Asia, India, the Near East and Africa, I went immediately to my office to ask if there was any news of the missionaries from the Philippines and Thailand with whom we had had fellowship before America's entrance into the war brought about their internment. A cable sent by the missionaries in Thailand a few days before the Japanese invasion was on the desk. The closing words were: "His grace sufficient." Our wilderness journey had not been in vain.

The story really begins in New York City in February, 1941. A group of Christian leaders was determined to do its part to keep world Christian fellowship a reality. Some twelve hundred of their foreign representatives were encouraged to remain at their posts. It was a hard decision, but there was no alternative. Only such a faith could prove to the world that the Christian mission was

¹ References are on pages 159-160.

not a fair-weather enterprise and that it still retained its historic and unconquerable purpose and power. Phillips Elliott of Brooklyn and I were commissioned to visit particularly the Philippines, Thailand, India and Africa. Our mission was primarily to Christian missionaries and their national colleagues. We were to extend the right hand of fellowship; to pray with them; to share their problems; to emphasize in every possible way the persistent truth of world Christian community, daring to believe that this fellowship lived and would live even in the midst of the demonic destruction of war. We carried credentials from the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America and the Foreign Missions Conference of North America, though it was the Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church in the U. S. A. that conceived the idea and sent us on our way. The government of the United States reviewed and approved our purpose and plans. A host of friends in America and across the earth by their prayers, gifts and preparations made it possible for us to start west from New York on August 16, 1941 and to come back from the east to New York on January 27, 1942.

To take up the trail, from New York the train took us to San Francisco, the boat to Honolulu, the Pan American Clipper to Midway Island, Wake Island, Guam, the Philippines and Singapore. The British Airways picked us up and carried us to Penang, Bangkok, Rangoon, Akyab and Calcutta. After two months in India, the British Airways again took us to the skies and from Karachi we were off to Jiwani, Darai, Bahrein, Basra, Habbaniyah, Tiberias, Cairo, Wadi Halfa, Khartoum, El Fasher, El Geneina, Fort Lamy, Kano and Lagos. A Belgian plane carried us into the French Cameroun. After two weeks we flew back to Lagos. Then came days of anxious wait-

ing. The planes were crowded. The Pan American "over-flew" us at Lagos on its way from Leopoldville. Government priority brought a transfer to British Airways. Just after midnight, on the morning of January 24th, in a great British flying boat we rose from a quiet lagoon hidden back of Lagos Bay. With amazing swiftness we flew up the west coast of Africa across dangerous territory to Bathurst, that busy little port on the tip of Gambia. Night found us roaring through the skies across the Atlantic. Just before dawn we reached Belem at the mouth of the Amazon. We pressed on to Trinidad. It was an overnight flight to Bermuda. Soon, incredibly soon, we were home. The British Airways Clipper dropped from the skies and glided lightly across the waters of the Patapsco. Snow was in the air. A few hours before we had been basking in gloriously warm sunshine. From five P. M. Saturday to one P. M. Tuesday, put that down as our trans-Atlantic flying time from Bathurst to Baltimore. (Even at that the whole twenty-four hours of Monday were spent waiting and resting in the summer calm of Bermuda in order to miss the winter storm ragging down the Atlantic Coast less than five hours away.) We had completed a flying trip around the world.

Five years before I had traveled around the world, then from east to west. In those days there was peace on earth, at least outwardly. With a well worked out itinerary and a round-the-world ticket there was a sense of security and certainty. I enjoyed a brief vacation in the freedom of England, France, Germany, Switzerland, Italy, Egypt and Palestine. Friends waiting for me knew almost the minute when I would be on hand for conferences in Syria, Iraq, India, Siam (as it was then), the Philippines, China, Chosen and Japan. All the way round in 1936 and 1937 the schedule ticked like clock-

work, not a bit of confusion, not an appointment missed. I crossed the finish line in New York, via a Pacific liner and a transcontinental train in May, 1937, exactly as I had timed it nine months before while relaxing on the deck of the old S. S. *Berengaria* sailing serenely across the peaceful Atlantic.

But this time! Months during 1941 and 1942! *Procul, O procul este, profani!* How vividly I remember Sunday August 17, 1941, in Chicago. My train left for the west coast shortly before noon. I had stopped in the Methodist Temple for part of the service. I picked up my small dispatch case and tiptoed from a rear pew as the minister announced his text. With a strong, high voice, which leaped across the sanctuary, he startled me—for, just as I was passing through the doorway, I caught the words: ". . . Abraham . . . went out, not knowing whither he went."² No, I am not Abraham, far from it. However, surely I shared his uncertainty as to what was ahead. I, too, went out into the wilderness.

The government would not even permit us to have our passports validated unless we promised to fly most of the way. Only because generous and devoted friends in America raised a special fund for this purpose were we able to move at all. Arriving in Honolulu, it was like being in a mental fog during the ten days' delay, not knowing if or when we would ever get a Clipper reservation. During the month of September in the Philippines we were kept on the anxious bench until the last hour, wondering if we would be granted passage to Singapore. So it was at every port. Always we were in the dark as to travel, until the last moment. What a time we had in Karachi, for instance, trying to get on a plane for Cairo. Hours upon hours were spent in consular offices. Picture us dashing here and there, from

one government office to another. How exasperating were the hours in Bombay endeavoring to clear the endless number of visas and other credentials in order to fly over Bahrein and Oman and to pass through Iraq, Palestine, Egypt and the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan. At Bangkok we had been forced to cable all the way to Yaounde in the French Cameroun for information as to how to fly from Khartoum to Yaounde. Practically all the spare time we could arrange for was given to negotiations concerning travel to the next place. The chief problem was "priority." If anyone expects his voice to have any effect in our modern wilderness, he must be able to say with authority: "Priority!" What a wilderness journey!

One day in the Public Library in Honolulu, browsing in order to give poise to mind and body during uneasy hours of waiting, I came upon a striking description of the condition and mood of life into which we were entering. In the *Yale Review* I found this by Babette Deutsch:

FLIGHT

Everything is in flight now, trees and men.
Leaves flying, a gale of gold, but the roads
Dull, streaming with fugitives, whose animal stumbling
Apes the fright, the monotony of dying.
The trains fleeing, the shiploads in full course.
In the thick of the night the engines, winged,
Over cities that cannot escape. By day the bright
Parachutes tumbling, spilling into the streets
Enemy milkmen, postmen, their packs filled
With mail for the anonymous and doomed.
Everything, everything flees: the impractical body
Flees from oblivion, and the mind from the mirrors
That image its dreadful night, and, too, the heart

From the sound of itself, a muffled motor, whose
meaning

Nobody can guess. Everything is in flight—
Exiles all, without rest, of destination
More ignorant than over the marshes the wild geese
 flying
To a happier climate. To what end? Where?
The race goes on, although the track is blind.
There is no turning back.³

We came first upon this spirit in Hawaii, and found it more intense as we traveled on. During the months of travel, again and again I read the poem *Flight* to groups of national leaders and missionaries. For we were challenging that kind of "flight." Our flying was not an escape but a purposeful counter-attack. We had come to give whatever word and influence we could to an ongoing purpose which would not be diverted, defeated or denied.

The Christian folk in Honolulu were disheartened by the stream of missionaries passing through from foreign fields and the small trickle making its way to Asia. One of our friends, who served on a missionary welcoming committee which met each ship that called at Honolulu, told us that in the three months prior to our arrival from one thousand to twelve hundred missionaries had moved toward the homeland and that only a score or more had been going in the other direction. There were many good reasons why certain missionaries were traveling toward the homeland. Some of these as "refugees" had remained in Hawaii to help in Christian work there. Candidly, however, if my colleague and I did nothing else those ten days in Hawaii, our presence and testimony as to the purpose of our journey gave evidence of the continuing faith of a great company of friends in America as to the ongoing mission of the church.

We were depressed by the revelry of troops, sailors and defense workers surging through the streets of Honolulu at nighttime. Drink and prostitution appeared to be unrestricted. The church seemed unable to cope with the social conditions. On the other hand we were inspired by the historic place which the church has had in the development of the Hawaiian Islands. The present abnormal situation does not do credit to the strength of Christianity there. The emergency was too abrupt and sudden migration too large for the church to meet the related issues effectively. In time the Christian religion on the islands will come into its own again. The experience of Christianity in Hawaii over the years testifies to an ability to meet and solve problems. In 1870, after fifty years of missionary activity, the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions withdrew. Its work for so brief a span had resulted in the changed thought and life of a whole people and in the establishment of a strong indigenous church, which has grown steadily and has served gallantly and forcefully.

Its gallantry, particularly, as an outstanding example, is demonstrated in the life and spirit of such strong Christian personalities as Dr. and Mrs. Theodore Richards, known all over the islands. Fifty-two years ago Dr. Richards came to Hawaii. He and his lovely wife have made their charming home, at the foot of a beautiful Hawaiian waterfall, a haven for travelers from all over the world. These good people have given impetus and direction to the strong interdenominational movement in Hawaii. They have made Christian leadership training for both youth and adults their chief concern. We spent a day in their Camp Kokokahi, speaking and conducting discussion groups. A youth conference was in session and the young people were a joy to the soul. Here was an

interracial fellowship stronger than I had ever seen before. There were a few white Americans. The majority was made up of Chinese and Japanese. Here were young people, keen, alert, questioning, seeking Christian truth to put into action. Dr. Frank C. Laubach, the eminent authority on world literacy, was a leader at the conference. For unforgettable hours we conferred with him on problems ranging from personal religion to world evangelism through literacy.

We were guests also of Gale Weaver, pastor of the Church of the Crossroads in Honolulu. Here is one of the significant interracial achievements in the world. In a beautiful church, a strong and effective program entering into every area of Christian life was being conducted by boards, committees and a congregation predominantly of young people. Chinese, Japanese, Korean, Filipino, Hawaiian and white Americans were sharing equally in leadership and opportunity.

Another stimulating contact was with Professor Leslie Dunstan of the University of Hawaii, head of the School of Religion. Here is a man with vision and determination. As a statesman, he has made his department a strong arm of the university life. He talked at length of the possibility of developing this School of Religion so that in addition to its present work it might become a graduate school for missionary training. He believes that a relationship might well be worked out whereby the third year of the theological seminary curricula in certain institutions on the mainland could be taken in his department of the University of Hawaii, in order to give the American ministry contact with the world culture emerging in the Hawaiian Islands and a first-hand knowledge of the fusion of oriental and occidental minds. As a post-war project this has great and far-reaching promise.

In fact, Hawaii seems to stand on the edge of a wilderness beyond which a just and durable peace beckons us on. My children like a conundrum which asks, "How far can a cat go into a forest?" The answer is: "To the center; then it has to go out." Literally and figuratively, from Hawaii one goes on into the wilderness. Just where the center is, I am not certain. But having been through the wilderness from a literal, traveling point of view, one sees that many of the problems of confusion and controversy in Asia and Africa have moved far toward a solution in Hawaii.

Some day, if any peace is to last very long, Occidentals and Orientals must learn to live together. In Hawaii we were very much surprised to find the small number of white Americans as compared to the great groups of Chinese, Japanese, Filipino, Portuguese and Hawaiians and interracial types by the thousands. Many times we asked to see a full-blooded Hawaiian. No one ever pointed one out. Moreover, the mingling and amicable living together of the races was most impressive. There was little discrimination. Unfortunately, this latter fact was being shaken by the unprecedented influx of thousands of defense workers, not to mention the throngs of soldiers and sailors whose numbers were known to no one outside official sources. One afternoon we had a long visit with Dr. Sidney L. Gulick, former Secretary of the Commission on International Justice and Goodwill of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America. He was living in retirement in a lovely residential section of Honolulu. In a discussion of the interracial problem reference was made to a book by Dr. Gulick entitled, *Mixing the Races in Hawaii*. It is a comprehensive study of a unique interracial situation and development, the heart of the matter being:

Hawaii is a land of many wonders. But the most striking of them all is its people. Here are some 400,000 men, women and children, of many races, languages, social traditions and varieties of moral and religious ideals, living together in remarkable harmony. Here is a poly-racial, poly-chrome, poly-linguistic, poly-religious and thoroughly heterogeneous population being transformed into a homogeneous people, speaking a common language, English, holding common political, ethical, social and religious ideas and ideals, putting into practice with remarkable success the principles of racial equality and maintaining a highly effective, democratic form of government.⁴

A surprisingly good spirit and friendliness existed among Americans and Japanese in Hawaii. There was little discussion about war, outside of newspaper headlines. Most of the Japanese were American citizens.⁵ One little incident is indicative of the general spirit. I found it necessary to care for a dental emergency. Considerable work had to be done, unexpectedly and quickly. A friend recommended a Japanese dentist whose office was in the heart of the Japanese quarter. He turned out to be not only a dental expert but also a very splendid fellow. During the treatments we talked of many things. I soon felt I had found a new friend. I tarried in his office to tell him of our "spiritual fellowship mission." It came time to pay the bill. I was amazed when this able and gracious Japanese cordially and positively refused to accept any remuneration whatever. "If I can contribute in this small way to a mission such as yours, I am grateful," he said. "What you represent is of great and urgent importance. Anything one can do for the development of goodwill and peace today is imperative and tremendously worth while."

The commission appointed by the President of the United States "to investigate and report the facts relating to the attack made by the Japanese armed forces upon Pearl Harbor in the Territory of Hawaii on December 7, 1941,"⁶ states that there were Japanese spies on the island of Oahu and that Japanese espionage activity centered in the Japanese consulate in Honolulu. There has been considerable debate in the press as to the extent of the participation of members of the Japanese community in Hawaii in acts of sabotage. The complete story regarding Japanese-Americans on the islands in this crisis has not been told as yet. One cannot help but be impressed, however, by the conclusions drawn by T. Blake Clark of the faculty of the University of Hawaii from 1930 until very recently, in both his popular book, *Remember Pearl Harbor* and in an article in *The New Republic*. In the latter he presents the following:

Just the day before I left Honolulu, the chief agent of the Federal Bureau of Investigation in Hawaii told me, "You can say without fear of contradiction that there has not been a single act of sabotage—either before December 7, during the day of the attack, or at any time since." Chief Gabrielson of the Honolulu police told me the same thing. "If the Japanese here had wanted to do damage, December 7 offered them a golden opportunity," he added.

"Where were the Japanese on that Sunday if they were not out sabotaging?" you ask the chief of police.

"Hundreds of them were actively defending the territory," he will tell you. "Members of the Oahu Citizens' Defense Committee, most of them Japanese, rushed to their posts as volunteer truck drivers. They stripped a hundred delivery trucks of their contents, inserted into them frames prepared to hold four litters, and went tearing out to Pearl Harbor to aid the

wounded. Some of these Japanese got there so promptly that their trucks were hit by flying shrapnel. They proudly display these pieces of steel now as souvenirs."

When the call came over the radio for blood donors, again the Japanese were among the first to respond, and by the hundreds. They stood in line at Queen's Hospital for hours, waiting to give their blood to save the lives of American soldiers.⁷

Mr. Clark is certainly correct when he suggests that we should ask ourselves objectively and dispassionately as to what is the best way to obtain the continued whole-hearted co-operation of this large group of loyal Americans of Japanese ancestry. He believes, after studying findings of the Federal Bureau of Investigation and after observations during his twelve years in Hawaii, that "these people already believe in democracy and want to fight for it. The more we extend democracy to them, the more they will have to fight for. If we take away what freedom and equality they now enjoy as loyal Americans, we abandon them to fascist propaganda and rob them of the incentive to resist fascist ideas."⁸

Some day, if any peace is to last very long, the Christian church must find a more united approach to its varied tasks in the world. The Hawaiian church has progressed remarkably in this respect. Comity, federation, union and universality are key words and strong expressions in religious life on the islands. The Church Federation in Honolulu has four directors of religious education, each with a master of arts degree in his subject, giving united leadership and a unified Christian view to young people and children. Dr. Ralph W. Sockman of the Christ Methodist Church in New York City was preaching in Honolulu when we were there. In addition,

he was preparing his book *The Highway of God*. The spirit of Hawaiian Christianity must have moved him to write these words lifting up one of the particularly urgent needs for and possibilities in Christian unity:

We are all one body in Christ. And let us thank God that the church, the body of Christ, is now developing these diversities of gifts. Let us who are pastors uphold the hands of the social prophets and experts who are charting the course of Christ far beyond the paved roads of conventional morality. And let the social prophets and seers be patient with the pastors who are faithfully trying to bring their flocks up to the advance positions. If we can work together, tomorrow will find the crowd traveling where the prophet walks today.⁹

Some day, if any peace is to last very long, the structure of society, and particularly the church, must permit a fuller release of the faith and energies of Christian young people. In Hawaii the place of youth in the creative processes of the church as evidenced in Camp Kokokahi and the Church of the Crossroads, to mention but two instances, presents vision and fresh and powerful consecration for the making of a better world. Christian youth on the mainland, as they seek and plan for their rightful place in reconstruction and rehabilitation toward a new world order, will find the young people of Hawaii prophets and statesmen along this way.

Racial understanding, a united Christendom, the release of the energy of Christian youth—there will be no peace without these. Hawaii has given a worthy example for the world to turn to when mankind comes out of its present staggers in the war-swept forest.

Tragedy seemed so far away from Hawaii. The vari-

colored leis with which one is garlanded on arrival seemed symbolic of peace. Diamond Head, the shaft of protruding mountain rock, stood out as a sentinel of safety. The beach at Waikiki, with its long rolling, slow-breaking waves, gave relaxation to the guests at the famous Royal Hawaiian and Moana Hotels. Hawaiian music, with its mystic plaintiveness, quieted restless spirits. From the winding shore drive to the high, jagged lava rocks of Koko Head and Blow Hole (where the water blows up through a large hole in the rocks as the waves beat against the shore) one looks down to roaring surf and then far off on the Pacific. No war seemed in the world. Inland island pathways were bordered with lovely hibiscus (like large roses), beautiful palm, tulip and monkey-pod trees. Surf-riders called to each other as they played. Easy-going, stalwart, sun baked fishermen with water glasses and spears dove after squid and octopus. As one climbs up to the Pali, the high pass swept by furious wind, he looks far down the island of Oahu, forty miles long, ninety miles around, and sees the rich green beauty of Hawaiian vegetation and the rolling picturesque mountains. There is a sense of complete isolation. Only as one stands on the hillside and looks into Pearl Harbor crowded with ships of war and surrounded by feverish activity and as he goes into the busy streets of Honolulu does he remember that the world of which he is a part is a place where men hate and fight and suffer.

The farthest point I have ever been from home is a mountain top in Thailand, north of Chiengmai. There, amid the labyrinthian ways of a Buddhist monastery, I found a monk, half naked, at prayer. The lowest place of degradation in the world which I have ever seen is the filth of the Hindu cow-temple in Benares. There in the slime I found a woman at prayer. The highest place

of grandeur which I have ever found is the Taj Mahal at Agra. It stands out indescribably overwhelming, rising as the prayer of the Mogul Emperor Shah Jahan for the soul of his beloved. The most fascinating touch of dangerous enchantment that I have known was the shrine at Nikko, where amid tall, heavily foliaged, dark green trees in a great, dense grove, delicate buildings of amber and gold were entwined, as a chain of giant jewels. Here, in a frail pagoda, before a slowly moving dancing girl, I found a man and woman at prayer. The most beautiful expression of nature that I have ever beheld in all the world was a sunrise in the Himalayas, the dawn over tremendous Kinchinjunga, casting its glory over the high, high summit of Mt. Everest. There, as we saw light transfigure the hinterlands of India and Tibet, I heard the shouts and chants of Indian worshippers of the Sun, the cult of Zoroaster crying out in prayer. Prayer—prayer the soul's sincere desire—men and women seeking, hungering for God. But they go unfinding.

Waiting ten days in Hawaii for passage to the East, we had plenty of time for reflection on the need of the world into which we were going. Hawaiian heterogeneousness showed us people of many nations. Watching them in their work and pastimes, seeing them in their temples and before their shrines, I thought again of the many ways man attempts to find God. Dr. Wanless of Miraj would stop a pilgrim returning from an idol or shrine and would say to him, "Did you find God?" Whatever the lips of the traveler replied, his eyes would say, "No." The sense of man seeking and not finding God and man's subsequent conflict and chaos lay heavily upon us in Hawaii. In the Church of the Crossroads, before a thin gold cross with its broad crimson tapestry background, is a wood-carved chancel, whose motif was the

uplifted hands of the nations; in the large handsome Central Union Church, in the heart of Honolulu, where on the wall, above a great cross, which had been placed over the chancel arch, was the inscription, "Love never faileth"; in quiet personal preparation for "spiritual fellowship" on a wilderness journey—in these hours, Eternal Truth broke through anew. It is not man seeking God that will bring peace to the soul and to society, but, rather, peace will come when man surrenders to the revelation of God in Christ upon his Cross. Here is peace that is salvation.

O Cross that liftest up my head,
I dare not ask to fly from Thee;
I lay in dust life's glory dead,
And from the ground there blossoms red
Life that shall endless be.¹⁰

God in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself. For us there was deep spiritual preparation in Hawaii, as we waited for the means by which we could continue and complete our wilderness journey.

Would we be able to make it? There were dangers in the wilderness. Warnings had come to Hawaii that the trail might be blocked. If war came, passage might be impossible. Yet many were expecting us. And there was our commission to carry out. A parable of our vision and experience was enacted later when, from the British Airways flying boat circling over Bangkok, the streets of the sprawling city crowded with glistening Buddhist *wats* pushing up at us like giant silver and golden thimbles, we looked down on the Chow Thya River, wondering where we could land. Java grass covered the river as though to defy a safe landing. But the pilot could see better than we and down we came, challenging the great

floating green weeds which had all but choked the stream. A clear path seemed suddenly to appear. We touched the smooth surface gently and safely. On the dock the missionary group in white clothes and tropical helmets welcomed us hungrily.

What if we had not gone on, when ahead were such lovely persons expecting us as Clara Seiler in Kolhapur? Thirty-two years she had served in India. And when the wilderness grew thick about her and Christians quarrelled and a church divided, she asked me if she should not fast, in order to draw her people together. She did not hesitate to travel the wilderness trail. What if we had not gone? I could never have dined later in New York with John R. Mott and told him of our visit with his daughter and her Indian husband, Justice Bose, and their charming children and reported to that venerable missionary statesman the inspiration of the quiet and beautiful spirit of his India family, living with deep devotion in the very heart of the wilderness. We would never have known indescribable sunsets on Manila Bay; or the eager anticipation of almost a hundred young missionaries in training amid the breath-taking heights of the blue and green mountains heaped gorgeously at Baguio; or the communicants' class at Prince Royal's College in Chiengmai, where, in an entrancing chapel amid palms and fiery tropical flowers, thirty young Thais gave their lives to their Master; or the morning light on the Gold Pagoda at Rangoon; or the children's voices singing rapturously verse after verse of the Scriptures in the large brick Indian school at Kodoli; or the sheep in the sunset that same evening moving slowly over wide brown fields, followed by tall dark shepherds in their white tunics and bright red turbans and sashes; or the great physician at Miraj, Robert Goheen, finding

poise and renewal, after having lived all day amid immeasurable suffering, listening to deeply moving recorded symphonies and concertos in the modest library of his bungalow; or the irrepressible spiritual vivaciousness of Norma Dunning, a most amazing woman doctor, swamped daily by swarms of needy patients crowding out of the hospital into her home.

Nor would we have felt the spell of Arabian sands, or known Palestine from the air; or the Nile at dawn; or Christmas carols in a Gothic church packed with soldiers at Khartoum; or flying across African deserts at two hundred and fifty miles an hour; or the dense jungles of Africa; or the fascinating African drum call; or the tender eagerness of the missionaries in the heart of the jungle, as at seven o'clock every evening they gathered around someone's little home-made radio to hear the British broadcast for Africa giving the jungle adventurers their only news of the outside world; or the walk through the jungle paths thinking how near and yet how far one was to that which Livingstone knew; or the ride in the war canoe across a deep "bush" river as early pioneers had known; or the line-up of little Basa children suffering from yaws, crying in sheer hysteria as they were one by one held across a little barrel that an injection might be put in their small buttocks; or the poverty stricken mother of a Basa family holding up to our car a chicken, her dearest possession, that we might take it as a token of her gratitude—and we could not take it; or being awakened one morning in a thatched house in the Cameroun by the chatter of voices, as primitive Africans gathered for instructions from the missionary concerning the day's work, and lying there for a few moments to hear the sounds and look at the ferns, orchids, palms, and poinsettias and to think of how a missionary awakens

to this every morning, and then to sense the thrill and completeness, the loneliness and the Divine companionship that must come each day to such a soul. Nor would we have known the heat of African sun; or the smile of tall, strong Bulus; or the African boy who came early in the morning to the airport at Duala to bid us good-by as we left his land—waving, waving to us, after all the others had turned away—telling us how glad he was that we had come. No, if we had not gone, we would never have had the African Christians say they had been warned about airplanes which would bring bombs, and, behold, a plane came and, instead of dropping bombs, it landed in their midst two men with the Word of God.

I have touched but lightly and only the fringe. How much more and what greater values we would not have known. For out in the wilderness we found fellowship in the Spirit, evidences of the Kingdom, Christians unconquerable! Of these I must tell you. There is a long journey ahead. We press on.

We take flight from Hawaii. In view of subsequent events, I believe you will be interested in a letter mailed home from Manila. It is really the "log" I kept on one of the last regular flights of a trans-Pacific Pan American Clipper, before the peaceful islands and the deep, blue waters were so severely and tragically troubled.

II

WITH WINGS AS EAGLES

10,000 feet over the Pacific,
en route Midway Island,
Thursday, September 4, 1941
I P. M.

Dear Family and Friends:

At five o'clock this morning, we were called to start our Clipper journey. A sleepy dressing, last-minute packing and then once more we weighed in our baggage in the old Moana Hotel lobby. What a time we have had getting our luggage down to the seventy-seven pounds allowed each of us. I had to drop many books, papers, and two large suit boxes of clothes. It costs \$2.56 a pound for excess baggage from Honolulu to Manila. Finally we were able to get necessities under the maximum poundage. After a 5:45 breakfast, the Pan American car was ready to keep its 6:15 appointment with us, and we were on our way to the Clipper base. Just before leaving, I sent the cable I had been waiting anxiously to send for the ten days since arriving in Honolulu on the S. S. *Mariposa*. It read: LEAVING CLIPPER NOW.

We arrived at the Pan American Airways base about one hour later. It lies outside of Honolulu near Pearl Harbor. It is much like a small park. We found a frame building in a grove of palm trees, a dock reaching out into a quiet bay, a few workshops and storehouses.

There is no hangar. Three Clippers were anchored in port. The *California Clipper*, on which we were to take off, was by the pier. Each Clipper had its own name painted on the side, "Anzac," "Honolulu," "California." The names are not the determined destinations. They merely designate the ships.

Our Clipper is one of the larger ones. It can carry seventy-four passengers and a crew of ten and lift a gross weight of eighty-two tons with its great wide wings and four powerful engines and propellers. One marvels at the beautiful body of silver-like aluminum, a wonderful achievement. It was exceedingly good for our eyes.

Our "flying boat" has two main cabins, each one running the length of the plane, one on top of the other. On the upper deck, as it were, the crew have their stations. Our crew consists of a captain, two pilots, a navigator, two engineers, two radio operators, and two stewards. The lower cabin carries the passengers and the baggage. This area is divided into sections somewhat like a Pullman. The sections are made up of large, low, soft upholstered seats. On one side each compartment has space for two passengers, one facing the other; on the other side six passengers, three and three facing each other. An aisle runs the length of the plane leading to a lounge, two good-sized washrooms, the steward's cabin and a baggage hold. On the trip from San Francisco, the Clipper leaves at 4:00 P. M. and is in Honolulu the next day by 9:00 A. M. It took us from 5:00 P. M. Wednesday to 8:00 A. M. Monday to make the same trip on the S. S. *Mariposa* which is not a slow boat. When flying by night, the berths are made up, uppers and lowers. They are wide and more comfortable than Pullman berths. From Honolulu on, the ships fly only by day.

As we approached the base, the other passengers were assembling. Because of the heavy load of mail and express, only thirty-seven passengers are on this flight. The plane is carrying up to 140 pounds of its capacity. We weighed in, checked baggage and waited around, becoming acquainted with our new companions. We found quite a cosmopolitan group en route to Manila, Singapore (the end of the route for this Clipper), Burma, Thailand and India. We have in our company, Mr. Willys Peck, American Minister to Thailand, and his wife; the Right Honorable Alfred Duff Cooper, formerly First Lord of the British Admiralty and later Minister of Information in Churchill's cabinet and now going out as coordinator of British forces in East Asia. He is accompanied by his wife, Lady Diana, former British actress; an aide and a secretary. We have with us Clare Boothe Luce, the writer and the wife of the editor of *Life*, *Fortune* and *Time*. (This renowned and versatile lady forgot our names but with journalistic flavor she did not forget our presence and our purpose. We, and our missionary friends, were highly entertained in India a few months later when the mails brought us the October 8 issue of *Life* where in an article on her trans-Pacific Clipper flight, describing her fellow passengers, Mrs. Luce had written: "The two well-dressed, sophisticated gentlemen with silk ties and stiff collars turn out to be a pair of clergymen bound on a six months' trip to encourage missionary groups to hold the Christian front in all the Asiatic hot spots. The two rather benign-looking gentlemen whom one first spotted for the missionaries are two Manila brewers.") The others are business, oil and government men and two wives on the way to join their husbands somewhere in Asia.

We were due to take off at 8:00 A. M. but it was 8:30

when the first all aboard bell rang. The captain of a Clipper always waits for a final weather forecast which tells him whether to fly high or low, as to varying his course, and as to the velocity of the wind. The time of departure depends upon the estimated distance and speed, according to weather conditions, so as to reach each port at the most favorable time of day to land. When the first bell rang, the crew, attired similar to naval officers, marched down the pier in formation and took their posts on board. Then two bells, and down the pier the thirty-seven passengers walked with unconcealed eagerness. Strangely enough, only about four of them had taken this Pacific flight before. We were assigned seats. We fastened our belts. We must use them at every take-off and landing. We sat expectantly as the engines roared for their testing. Suddenly they stopped. The captain was not satisfied. The sound was not just right. Much to our surprise the steward requested all passengers to disembark. For almost two hours we waited on the dock while the mechanics worked on the engine. At 10:15 A. M. two bells rang again. We were soon on board. At 10:25 the engines roared, gigantic energy was released and one felt the huge plane surge forward. It taxied for a mile or so. It let loose its full power and we began to rise. There is nothing else just like the sensation of power that comes as one of these titanic planes takes hold and lifts and soars.

Honolulu spread out clear before us at a distance. Right below was Pearl Harbor, filled with battleships and cruisers. As a bewitching garden, the islands of Hawaii lay below. Soon they faded on the horizon. Now all beneath is ocean. We look ten thousand feet down through wisps of white clouds to water—vast, unlimited. Above and all about us is the blue, blue sky.

At first you feel the altitude, so you relax in the comfortable cushioned seat. The plane does not even have the motion of a train. It is remarkable. Very soon the steward serves coffee and sandwiches. We set our watches back an hour and a half (this makes us eight and one half hours behind EDT). Soon the passengers are chatting, reading, sleeping, and always the inevitable group at cards. The great and the small, the big and the little, all in peaceful Clipper fellowship.

10,000 feet over the Pacific,
between Midway and Wake
Islands, Saturday, September
5, 1941
9 A. M.

Notice it is Saturday and not Friday as it was a half hour ago. At 8:30 A. M. we crossed the International Date Line, jumping ahead twenty-four hours leaving you folks at home Friday to enjoy as we caught up with Saturday. I lose the day I gained when I sailed across the Pacific the other way a little over four years ago. Before 8:30 A. M. we were nine hours behind Eastern Daylight Time. Now we are fifteen hours ahead and as we look forward in time to the west instead of back to the east, we set back our watches gradually as we go along. Strange world!

Let me return to where I left off yesterday (Thursday). At 1:00 P. M. a buffet luncheon was served. It was very bountiful—many kinds of cold meat including great cuts of chicken, salad, rolls, relishes, ice cream, cake and coffee. A good time was had by all.

At five o'clock the steward passed out cards with the following printed on them:

THE UNCONQUERABLE

A NOTE OF EXPLANATION

We are approaching a station designated by the United States as a closed area. The United States Navy has promulgated a regulation governing such nations requiring that *passengers will be prevented from observing the topography or hydrography*. To comply with this regulation, the flight steward will within the next few minutes cover all windows in the passenger compartment. You are cautioned against making any effort to circumvent the purpose of the window-covering. Should you do so, it will be necessary to report the circumstances to the commanding officer for appropriate action. The regulations also will be observed at the time of departure—during the take-off, and until such time as the stewards remove the window-covering. We are confident you will recognize the necessity for the unusual precautions and will appreciate your co-operation.

PAN AMERICAN AIRWAYS

We are sorry not to see Midway and Wake from the air. We have been looking down upon great island formations and also islands in formation. For from this height one can see vast coral reefs beneath the surface of the water—amazing combinations of blues, greens and browns, miles long, covered with white streaks of breakers. Here and there the coral reefs protrude above the surface in astounding shapes and colors.

At 5:30 we felt the plane easing down. All day the flight had been smooth—clear—bright. Then shortly, just as quietly as placing a toy boat in a pond, this great ship of eighty-two tons touched the still waters of Midway Bay. The door of the plane was opened at the side and there across the deep blue in the half light

of the quickly setting sun was the white sand beach of barren Midway.

A launch took us ashore. A large black oil tanker was the only vessel in the little port. Soldiers, sailors and a few Pan American workmen were grouped on the wooden pier. Two small automobiles took us in relays to the Pan American hostel about one quarter of a mile away, over a sandy, rough road. The hostel, like a small roadhouse, has an attractive entrance, a fair-sized lobby, a dining room to the rear and two long wings of sleeping rooms stretching out on either side. The rooms are very comfortable, twin beds and bath. No one was allowed to leave the hostel grounds. Armed sentries at each corner of the hostel compound made sure of this. We were on a closely guarded naval base. A refreshing shower, a pleasant dinner, a bit of visiting in the hostel lobby, a while at writing and reading, and so to bed.

At 4:30 A. M. we were called. At five o'clock our bags were taken to the plane, at 5:15 breakfast, at 6:15 we left in the launch for the plane and at 6:45 "Flight Number 525" was in the air again. The "525" signifies the number of Pacific flights the Pan American has flown so far. That means a long, long trail of mileage.

All windows were again covered. All we had seen of Midway were the sand beach, a few scrub trees, the dock, our hostel and in the distance, barracks and a hangar in the process of being built. No—that is not all. We saw and heard thousands of birds, particularly the so-called "morning birds" which are like large sea-gulls. They fly over the island in dense flocks. They really startle you as they swoop down in swirling circles. A sentry on duty at the hostel told us that some months ago they were almost like a plague and the soldiers had to kill about seven thousand a day to keep the island

livable. Midway is noted also for its "gooney" birds. They disappear, however, at this time of the year so we did not see them. We were told they are as great heavy geese which run and take off like a plane when they fly. Midway Island is a lonely spot, rather depressing. If the one sentry we talked to is typical, the soldiers and sailors stationed there cast longing eyes toward home.

8,000 feet over the
Pacific, somewhere between
Wake Island and Guam,
Sunday, September 7, 1941
11:45 A. M.

After an early luncheon on the plane yesterday, the cabin shades were drawn and we knew we were nearing Wake Island. I thought Wake was but one island, but it is made up of three, the largest four miles long and about one mile wide, with two smaller ones huddling nearby. As you look at this dot of land on the map you see how isolated it is in the middle of the Pacific. As you travel toward it hour by hour in a fast moving plane you become vividly aware of what a wonderful thing it is to find this tiny speck of earth in the midst of the broad encirclement of wide, wide ocean. When the plane door opened after another graceful landing, we saw just a few yards away a flat white, hot beach in dazzling sunlight. Another small dock with its little group of islanders awaited us. Only a few civilians here, and no natives, of course, as both Midway and Wake were uninhabited before the Americans arrived to establish a sea-plane base a few years ago. As we walked along a concrete pavement to the hostel, just like the one on Midway, we were astonished again by the thousands upon thousands of birds, the "morning birds," wheeling and soaring in

shrieking chaos over various parts of the island. It was mating time and such confusion of bird life is beyond imagination. One of the massed colonies of birds was right in front of the hostel which faces the beach. Thousands of eggs covered the ground and by them or above them a like number of birds flew continually screaming out their shrill calls.

Pan American, with its hostel, barracks and store houses, occupies all of the largest of the three Wake islands. The other two, connected with the large one by bridges, are naval bases with only a few buildings to be seen. Here at Wake we were not confined to our quarters as at Midway. Soon after arrival we were on the beach and in swimming. The water is greenish-blue and so warm it is debilitating. The beach is shell sand, millions upon millions of shells from the size of a pea to that of a half-dollar. Mixed in among the shells are quantities of white coral of intricate design.

We had an interesting walk about the Pan American base island. Sand dunes, shrubs, small tropical trees here and there. The population consists usually of thirty-six men and two women—one of the women is the wife of the airport manager and the other is the hostess at the hostel—all are employees of Pan American Airways. There is one child, a boy about three or four belonging to the airport manager's family. At the present about thirty more men are there for construction work. On the two smaller islands are government personnel, military, naval and civilian. Only the authorities know the number.

The one unpleasant feature on Wake is the field rat. You find a multitude of these gopher-like animals running around everywhere. On the beach is a large, rusty anchor of a ship, wrecked there many years ago, which

brought the rats. They have stayed and multiplied. They are quite harmless, however, and soon are accepted as a part of life on this Pacific isle.

The evening on Wake was beautiful. After dinner we walked out under the myriad of stars bathed in the light of a strangely marvelous moon. Music was being amplified at the out-of-door recreation hall. Letting your imagination play over what was about you, there was something overwhelming in the consciousness of the vastness of the universe and the overpowering majesty of God. As one let his mind think of our little group of humanity on so small a bit of earth in the midst of boundless deep waters surrounded by the mystery of night, there was a feeling of unutterable awe.

Before retiring we joined the rugged island workers, tanned and most of them stripped to the waist, as they enjoyed an old movie musical shown out-of-doors. Between reels the audience amused itself by throwing shells at the rats scurrying here and there. An eery pastime. Midnight came. The show was over. The group scattered silently. To bed on Wake Island. This must be the "nowhere," the place one talks of when he says he is so many miles from "nowhere."

At 5:15 A. M. rising call—at 7:15 we felt the might of the strong, faithful ship lift us again—this time it was toward Guam. Before leaving Wake we had been given the island newspaper, a little mimeographed sheet called *The Gooney News* (we had found this also on Midway). The warring world crashed in again with its ruthlessness to break the silence of the sea and sky and to smite us once more with its tragedy, fear, suffering, insanity, death and need.

And now, as I write, we fly on smoothly through the clear sky. We look out on clouds and ocean far, far

below, as naturally as one might look out on waving wheat fields from a fast-moving train. But we are still without the sense of movement as on a train and there is far less vibration. The quiet New Englander, in his open gray shirt and blue shorts sitting opposite me, who is returning to his shipping business in Rangoon, turned his gaze from the window through which he had been looking steadily down, under the broad wings of the plane, to the seemingly never ending stretches of the sea, and thought out loud, "My, there's a mighty lot of water in this world!"

Still high over the
Pacific, between
Guam and the Philippines,
Monday, September 8, 1941
11:15 A. M.

It was about three o'clock when we sighted Guam yesterday afternoon. For some reason the regulations as to drawing the shades did not apply here. We are delighted with our view of this lovely island. It looks like one of the Philippine Islands. The land is covered with trees and rice plantations. Here and there we saw small towns and villages. We flew over the one city, Agana, a town of about fifteen thousand, to Sumay on the northwestern point of the island where the Pan American base is located. To make the landing in a small bay here, the pilot has to be careful of the long underwater coral reefs. The *Honolulu Clipper* was damaged a few weeks ago by striking one of these reefs. It was laid up here ten days for repairs. Our ship made a perfect landing, floating down over the hills and across the reefs lighting gently on the bay. We were met by health and passport officials. American citizens received

passes for the island. Special privileges were granted to the Duff Cooper party. A typical Pan American hostel was nearby. It was not fully equipped, however, as half the building had been blown down by tropical storms which did a terrible amount of damage here both last October and last month. There are distressing evidences all over the island of these two bad "blows."

Phillips Elliott knew the naval chaplain at the base at Agana, so we phoned the chaplain's office. The officer we expected to find was not there, but the very cordial base chaplain on duty, when he heard our story, insisted that we come at once to Agana where the governor of Guam was holding a reception. We secured a car to drive us over. It was near sundown, raining gently—the ride of thirteen miles down the island shore line was beautiful and made us know that we were in the tropical Orient. How it took me back to the days of my previous trip; for though I have never visited Guam before, it is so much like the Philippines and parts of Thailand. The young chaplain, James Davis, met us at the governor's house. He took us in to the reception where our Clipper associates Duff Cooper and his party and Mrs. Luce had already arrived. The governor (a captain in the Navy—this whole island is administered by the Navy) by the name of Samuel McMillan and his wife were exceedingly cordial. Captain McMillan had served in China and knew some of our missionaries quite well. He has a grand old Spanish residence in the heart of the typical tropical city of Agana. We met a number of naval officers and their wives and became acquainted particularly with Chaplain Davis, discovering that we had many mutual contacts in the States. About seven o'clock we left with him and drove through little native villages back to Sumay where in addition to the Pan

American base there is a United States Marine Post. Here we joined the chaplain and a few Marines in the Sunday evening church service held in the recreation hall. We invited the chaplain to have dinner with us and until ten o'clock we visited together. We were given an enlightening picture of life on Guam both naval and civilian. The United States has had Guam since 1898. There are about twenty-five thousand civilians on the island but all except a few government employees are Malay-Americans. They live the primitive rural life. But they are proud of being Americans. I asked the driver of a car what the inhabitants of the islands were. He replied at once and emphatically: "Americans!" Not until within recent months has the United States developed a naval base here to any extent. You remember some years ago Congress voted not to do this so as not to offend Japan, but now construction is going on with marked haste. We were much impressed by Guam. A lovely island and everyone with whom we talked seemed glad to be living there.

This morning we were called at 4:15. Breakfast at 5:00. At 6:30 we took off and a thrilling take-off it was—rising over the reefs—heading out to sea. For Philippines time we push the clock back two hours. That means we left Guam at 4:30 Philippine time and they tell us it is a ten and one-half hour trip—making us due there about 3:00 P. M.

At the Leonard Wood Hotel, Manila,
Tuesday, September 9, 1941

6 P. M.

And so—we have come to the first milestone on our journey. The Clipper continued to behave in its best style, bringing us safely to the Cavite Base about thirteen

miles outside of Manila. We arrived at 3:45 P. M. yesterday. It was about 2:30 when we first sighted land. We were flying high and it looked as though we were seeing a giant relief map. The beauty of the Philippine Islands, large and small, with wonderful coloring, was fantastic. One felt as though he could scarcely be seeing the real. Soon in the distance we saw the city appearing as a miniature village. We felt the plane begin to descend—and with its usual grace the splendid ship glided on to the water and we taxied quietly to shore. A crowd was at the pier. There were delegations to meet Duff Cooper, Mr. Peck and other passengers—but the finest delegation of all was a group of our missionary friends who were on hand to greet us. It was most cheering to have so cordial a welcome. Customs took less than the usual time. Very shortly we were driving through beautiful Philippine country (a roundabout ride in Stephen Smith's car to let us talk about plans), soon arriving at the comfortable quarters reserved in the small tropical hotel. The rooms have open fronts on verandas. They are a combination of an attractive little sitting room with bedroom and shower. Here we settled and rested thankfully. A schedule of appointments was handed us. Our program began at seven o'clock last evening and continued, except for a few hours' sleep, until now. The task for which we came has been thoughtfully outlined hour by hour. Our work has begun. Keep near in heart and spirit, for we face a momentous undertaking.

Let me close this part of the record with the cable we sent to the board last night. It tells much in a few words: ARRIVED GOOD TRIP WARMLY WEL-COMED.

Very best to you all!

III

TO THE UTTERMOST PARTS

THE EAGERNESS of the people of the Philippines for the continuing and increasing friendship of the United States was dramatic in its expression. I do not believe it had arisen so much from the fear of Japan as from a new appreciation of the meaning and hope in Christian democracy. We asked a leading Filipino educator at a luncheon conference what he believed to be the most potent contribution the United States could make to Philippine-American relationships in this time of crisis, and his answer in immediate reply was, "Help us develop and maintain a strong Christian democracy." Five years ago in the Philippines the quiet reception to evangelical truth was in striking contrast to what we found this time. Now both Protestant national leaders and so-called liberal Catholics emphasized with conviction that a strong evangelical church in the Philippines, with its rightful place in the world fellowship of Christianity, was the need of the hour. National and missionary leaders were pleading urgently that more Christian missionaries be sent without delay. Thousands of students crowded the streets of Manila. Government and private schools and colleges were growing up everywhere. There had been an extensive influx of people from other lands, so that it seemed that not Singapore but Manila might be the crossroads of the world. Transportation and social projects had been so amply developed that more and

more the ten hundred and ninety five inhabited islands out of the more than seven thousand "emeralds of the Orient" were being opened to higher and more productive ways of life. There was emerging a representative group of evangelical laymen as the encouraging fruit of years of work in such institutions as Silliman University and Central Philippines College. The future of Protestantism was being discussed courageously and fervently. In more than one conference we attended, Filipino leaders discussed the subject "Philippine Protestantism Today and Tomorrow." Protestants have had an inferiority complex in the Philippines. We found them emerging from that condition. The desire for freedom of thought and action was growing with marked increase. There was a passionate hunger for the Truth that would make men free. There was an increasing demand for all those elements in life for which Protestantism stands. We found profound conviction that Christian democracy in the Philippines could be made vigorous and sure and that it alone could point the way to political, social and personal salvation for the whole of East Asia. In 1929 E. Stanley Jones wrote: "The destiny of a large part of the human race will be decided by what Christian churches and Christian nations do in the next ten or twenty years." We are more than halfway through that twenty years. In the fall of 1941 when we met with Filipino leaders and American missionaries in Manila, at Legaspi, at Dumaguete, at Cebu, at Baguio, we came to believe that the future of the East was wrapped up in the future of the Philippines. The East in the coming years will show the effect of spiritual sacrifice and discipline. We cabled to America for reinforcements in the Christian mission. There was desperate urgency for the East and West to build in Christ together.

But other eyes were upon the Philippines. Our first blackout came upon us in Cebu. We sat on the veranda of a missionary residence on the outskirts of the city which a few months later was razed by Japanese bombs. Yet that night in their attempt to persuade the population to put out all lights, the American and Filipino official broadcasters actually joked with each other. We felt as though we were participating in a giant game. It was like a dream—a dream, though we did not know it, that was a prelude to a nightmare. For now a wall of steel has been placed around the Philippines. But the end is not yet. The seeds of Christian democracy have been planted there. The truth of Christ has been established there. The bridge to bring East and West into the unity that is in Christ will be built.

At Silliman University at Dumaguete on the island of Negros they were building a student church. With tender carefulness and skill the students under faculty direction had erected an imposing Gothic structure. The nave, spacious enough to seat a thousand, was made worshipful with choice yacal and narra wood. A rose window had been placed above the altar, the same motif as the famous rose window in the Rheims Cathedral, designed, strangely enough, by the faculty member missionary architect and builder, Charles A. Glunz, before he had had opportunity to see the cathedral at Rheims. What has happened to this lovely edifice since I saw it in September, 1941, I do not know. Japanese bombs have fallen in Dumaguete. But one thing is certain. The cornerstone still stands—either where it had been set in stone or in the hearts of those who placed it there. For one fine day in the midst of Filipino faith and freedom I read on that cornerstone: “The foundation of God standeth sure.”¹

We left Manila on the morning of October 4th by Pan American Clipper and arrived in Singapore that same evening. Sunday, October 5th, was World Communion Sunday. With Bishop Edwin F. Lee who presides over the remarkably strong Methodist Church of Malaya, Borneo and the Philippines, we looked in upon a number of Chinese and Indian churches in Singapore and found most of them observing World Communion. At the vesper hour we joined in a world emphasis celebration of the sacrament in an English Presbyterian Church of unusual beauty and charm amid "the lights of Singapore." To share in such a fellowship of the Christian minority in the heart of the so-called pagan East was an unforgettable experience. I appreciate it now even more than I did then. For after the communion service we were taken to see the strongholds that men had built. Now the latter are all gone. The former remains—that is, the church of Christ which hell cannot prevail against. When Bishop Lee arrived in America he told me that as he was leaving Singapore, just before the Japanese military invasion, he saw men pouring concrete into oil wells so that the wells could not be used by the enemy. He thanked God that he saw no concrete being poured into the Christian churches. Christ carries on in Singapore.

Monday morning we left Singapore by plane, arriving in Bangkok the same afternoon. The political atmosphere in Thailand was tense and doubtful. Thailand was being disturbed by two powers—America and Japan. America, Thailand thought she understood. But when America objected to the Thais, with Japanese aid, taking back territory supposedly due them from Indo-China, and refused to send Thailand planes at a critical hour, American-Thai relations became strained. All this came about because Thailand thought she knew Japan better

than America did. Activities in Japan, however, after the French Indo-China occupation opened Thailand's eyes. Mr. Willys Peck after his arrival began to help matters considerably. Thai-American negotiations were in the process of becoming normal again. Thailand was trying desperately to find a way to peace. But it was too late. The Japanese specter was upon the horizon.

When such political strain is felt in the life of a people, they consciously or unconsciously seek for unification and security. They turn to religion. But turning to religion in Thailand, unfortunately, was not primarily to Christianity. Out of fourteen million people in Thailand approximately ten thousand are listed as Protestant Christians and forty thousand as Catholics. Buddhism is the state religion. Buddhism was not only having a revival, it was putting on an "evangelistic campaign." Pressure was being exerted upon the Christians to return to Buddhism. One cannot say that it was a government or Buddhist order. One cannot charge any specific group as being back of this pressure. Persecution had been breaking through in various places from unknown sources. It was true that much of what the average Thai had known of Christianity had been identified with American Protestantism and French Catholicism. In the midst of related political disturbances, this did not help the situation. But the political aspect did not tell the whole story. Christian men had been told in quiet ways, not officially, that if they wanted to hold their government positions they had to register as Buddhists. Anonymous letters to this effect had been received by Thai Christians. Groups of "night-riders" invaded the homes of many Christians telling them to register in the Buddhist temple in the morning or there would be dire consequences. This was particularly true in the rural areas.

When either an individual or a family held firm and asked on what authority the pressure was being made, reminding their oppressors that religious freedom was still a part of the constitution of the country, those making the attack disappeared. With the exception of a few outstanding cases of persecution there was no extensive suffering. However, some were worked into a state of fear and semi-hysteria and did not stand by their Christian faith. In certain areas matters were very bad indeed. Strangely enough the moderator of the Church of Christ in Thailand, a layman who had been swept into office on the wave of a recent emotional evangelistic crusade, returned to Buddhism. So did one son of the leading pastor in Bangkok (his other sons remained Christians). The good pastor, Kru Pluang, died shortly afterwards. This was an irreparable loss. On the other hand, the majority of the members of the Christian church in Thailand kept the faith. Not more than five hundred left the church for Buddhism. We arrived at a time when the trend was in the other direction. There was outspoken admiration for those who had stood firm in Christian truth. A number were returning to the Christian fold. As an interesting fact the Thai churches now were asking for more and stronger pastors and lay leaders. They had found that Christian leadership had been able to guide them and sustain them in their hour of trial.

A significant little parable was shared with us as we met with a group of Thai Christians. One old elder told of the custom, which is evident to anyone traveling through Thailand, of the peasants working in the fields with their rain hats by their sides or tied upon their belts. For some reason a Thai hates to work in the rain, and it rains very often in Thailand. It reminds one of the story we heard in Hawaii. A bishop was asked where he lived.

He replied, "If you go up the hill to the third shower and turn to the right, you will find my home." Well, it was that way in Thailand. There were showers and storms many times a day. Working along, sometimes the peasants would leave their rain hats on the ground. Suddenly the rain would come and they would get very wet, much to their extreme discomfort, running for their rain hats. Said the old elder, "Our persecution experience was something like this. It began to rain and our rain hats were too far away." The rain hats symbolized their pastors and lay leaders. The rainstorm, the persecution. A new day was practically forced upon the church. Appreciation of Christian leadership was really driven into its own.

In October, 1941, we found Christian missionaries in Thailand confronted with the uncertainties of the international situation, heretofore unheard of anti-American feeling, the somewhat mysterious anti-Christian pressure, the recanting of a number of Christians and, what is worst of all, the smallest missionary staff the mission had had since its early years. Here in the midst of these problems three hopeful facts emerged: (1) the fine work being done by those few that were carrying on; (2) the encouraging possibilities and plans for the future; (3) the enduring foundations and ongoing power which were revealed in the experiences of the "spiritual fellowship." The group of Christians laboring there believed that come what may, the Christian church would move on to greater days. This conclusion was based upon six major convictions: First, the crisis through which the Christian movement had passed in Thailand had shown that anti-Christian pressure would not be likely to remove religious freedom from the constitution. Second, the closing of the theological seminary and the testing through

which the church had come with only a few faithful leaders to depend upon had impressed upon the rank and file of the church members the need to train and support their own pastors and lay workers. Third, the actions of the Buddhist groups had somewhat purged the Christian church and had been the means of drawing the various elements within the church more closely together, spurring them on to more positive action. Fourth, the weakness of the church had caused a new awareness, both in the church and in the missionary force, of the need for more missionaries. Fifth, as one of the national leaders said, "Christians in Thailand, because of recent world events crashing through upon them, are becoming more world-minded and more conscious of being not a part of a small sect in one land but of belonging to the world Christian movement." Sixth, the development of Thailand as a modern nation was being carried on courageously and effectively with a government made up chiefly of young men (the Premier was forty-two, the Minister of Foreign Affairs thirty-seven, the Minister to Washington thirty-six), so that there was an impressive program of advance in the government. Government and private schools were on the increase. There was better transportation and communication. What was most important to us—these things were a great aid to the spread and growth of Christianity. Even though a persecution had taken place—paradoxically as it might seem—among the thinking people of Thailand, Christianity was becoming more and more welcome because of its emphasis upon social and political liberalism.

But there were certain other minds thinking deeply of Thailand and these were pressing her leadership unmercifully. The penetration of Thailand by Japanese influence was very evident in all the political and social

relationships. Take, for instance, in Chiengmai. One Saturday afternoon, we attended the opening of the Japanese consulate. Chiengmai is not a large city, and there were only four Japanese residents. The Japanese consulate, however, was being established in the most beautiful home in the city and a staff of twelve Japanese was to be installed. On this auspicious occasion Thai, Americans, Britishers (the latter two being very much in the minority) gathered with a few Burmese as guests of the Japanese. The tall Thai governor-general of the province was very conspicuous since most of the Thai are so short. He moved about among the throng at the consulate, talking to groups here and there, making a brief address, very conscious that he was as a sheep among wolves. The hour of the enemy was not far away. Now it has come. Yet I do believe that the little group of Thai Christians is holding on in the way it met its first persecution. In fact missionaries now repatriated after months of internment speak of the loyal Christian church carrying on. One of the missionaries told me recently that the demonstration of the affection of Thai Christians for the missionaries interned made his Christmas in internment the happiest Christmas he had ever known.

Calling upon Her Ladyship, the wife of the Premier of Thailand (his Excellency being indisposed at the time), the Minister of Foreign Affairs, the Minister of Education, the Director of Publicity, the Chief of the Medical Department of the Government, the Governor of Chiengmai Province, and the Chief Judge of Chiengmai, we were deeply impressed by the frank desire for friendly relations with the United States. A radio commentator in Singapore, describing Thailand after a recent visit, said he cou'd epitomize the state of Thailand in a phrase which he saw many times along the roads of the country-

side—namely, “Under Construction.” At a Rotary Club in the Trocadero Hotel in Bangkok, in October, 1941, I sat at a table where American, British, Danish, Chinese, Japanese and Thai lunched together in free and delightful fellowship. Opposite me was a prince of old Siam, living in retirement now but still keenly concerned with the conditions and hopes of his country. He asked me if I had not been at the Bangkok Rotary before. I told him I had spoken to this group five years previously. He smiled and said he had thought he remembered me. Then to my great surprise he gave the subject and outline of the address I had given there in 1936. It had not been an unusual address, but it had had world fellowship as its theme. That is why the prince remembered. Has construction come to an end? Has the friendly attitude of the Thai leadership been destroyed? I believe not. The cloud will lift some day, and Thailand will become the “land of the free,” even as is the meaning of its name.

The British Overseas Airways kept up its flying service from Singapore to Cairo and South Africa by the way of Bangkok and Rangoon, and points in India and the Near East with amazing regularity. There was no withdrawal from any place along the route until actual warfare had entered the area. The service was excellent, always. The spirit of the persistent and accomplished British airmen was magnificent. We flew from Bangkok to Rangoon. After a call at Judson College in the park-like suburbs we spent most of the one night we had in Rangoon down in the midst of the city. It was the time of the glamorous “festival of lights” when Hindu Indians and the Buddhist Burmese light thousands of candles and crowd the streets and shops in festive array. We walked through wide avenues thronged with people and down narrow alleys jammed with traffic. We were the only

white men to be seen but we wandered on late into the Burmese night in order to catch the mood and temper of restless Burma; for early morning was to take us to India. By the middle of the afternoon our plane was on Indian waters, floating on the muddy Hooghly River at the port of Calcutta. Waiting on the government houseboat for examination by customs officers, I looked again upon the shore of India and mused upon the breadth, depths and heights of that strange, wonderful land we were entering.

India's known history begins about four thousand years ago. Long before that time there had been a great civilization there. The ancient civilization of Egypt exists only for archæologists; that of Sumer must be uncovered by excavators. But the civilization of India, in its origins probably as ancient as either, still exists in full flower before one's eyes. The glories of the past stand side by side with the wonders of modern science and engineering. The British government rules directly two-thirds of India, the remainder being divided into some six hundred Indian States, each one with its own separate ruler. The latest census gives to India 389,000,000 inhabitants, one-fifth of the entire population of the world in an area the size of Europe without Russia. There are two hundred and twenty-two different languages of which twenty are spoken by over a million people and twelve of them by over seven millions each. Ninety-five percent of the population is purely rural. As to religion, roughly speaking, out of every hundred persons in India, sixty-eight are Hindus, twenty-two are Moslems, three are Buddhists, three follow more or less some primitive tribal religion, two are Christians and two are Sikhs. Of the two others, one may be either a Buddhist or a Christian, while the last may probably be a Jain or a Parsi. To catch a glimpse of any true picture of India, one has to see across

the face of it two terrible words: caste and outcaste. In this vast land the elements of life are contrasts in the extreme: cold and heat; mountains and plains; poverty and riches; pathetic ignorance and striking intelligence; terrible tragedy and mysterious beauty.

In the midst of this complex and turbulent arena of life, we found the Christian movement pressing on. To-day the Christian church is well organized and is in the hands of strong Indian leadership in the larger positions. It is trying hard to supply stronger leaders for the many small urban and rural congregations. Slowly the church is overcoming the heritage of western imperialism and denominationalism. There is hope for the rise of a great Church of Christ in India.

Christian missionaries continue to carry on in their ministry of preaching, teaching and healing. On all sides both Indians and foreigners urge the sending of more of them. An Indian Christian leader told us that in a discussion with a group of Indian intellectuals as to India's need for Christ, a non-Christian, who had lived for years in close contact with normal Christianity, said that Christ was dead and that there was no power or hope in him for India. The Living Christ in the increasing mission of his church must be the answer to that. The church of India is courageously committed to this mission, but two Indian Christians among ninety-eight non-Christians need help, considering the pressure that is put upon the Christian by the non-Christian. The national should have the missionary not only for reinforcement; he needs him also as a testimony to the universal reality of the Kingdom of the Living God. Even so we need Indian Christians in America; and may God grant an early peace so that more of them may soon come.

As to the attitude of Indian leaders toward additional

missionaries, at a lawn party held at Forman Christian College, one of the Indian professors turned to me and said, "Look at the American missionary members of our faculty. They are all about the same age. What will we do when they come to retirement if the church in America does not soon send out some new men?" It is significant to note that the Board of Directors of Forman Christian College, supported by the college faculty, both groups predominantly Indian, chose as president of the college the missionary leader, Dr. Herbert Rice of Holland Hall, Allahabad, to succeed the Indian president, the late Dr. S. K. Datta.

At the very beginning of our India journey we made our way to Darjeeling. The side trip to this marvellous retreat, north of Calcutta, in the midst of the Himalayas was the one week-end holiday we had. We were well repaid for the effort we made to get there. The majestic beauty of Kinchinjunga always before you, the mystic wonder of Everest as seen from Tiger Hill after a very steep climb at dawn, the alluring grandeur of mountains upon mountains drawing one's vision into the mystery of Tibet beyond—here you feel the agelessness of India and the underlying solidity of its people. It is good to enter India through the heights of Darjeeling, for remembrance of these high places gives perspective and balance when one becomes immersed in the noise and confusion of crowded Indian cities and the dust and heat of countless Indian villages.

In spite of world war and the British-Indian crisis, we found the world Christian mission making its impact upon the life of India. With enduring certainty, the Christian gospel is permeating the texture of Indian life. In some places there is opposition. In others there have been failures. Everywhere there are problems. But all

over this land, if one looks at life in the light of Christian truth, encouraging opportunities are clear and convincing. The Christian community, as we found it, in both the city and the village, a minority though it be, is a strong, vital and growing fellowship and a hopeful and impressive influence.

Spectacular aspects of the war at first gave the headlines to Europe, East Asia and the Near East. Suddenly our modern world became aware of India. Some scholars and statesmen believe the future of civilization depends upon the future of India. Will she break away into a mass movement of radicalism? Will she add to the discordant confusion of vying nationalisms? Will her latent powers that are legion be given a stronger place and a greater recognition in some emerging commonwealth of nations? Whatever India may demonstrate will be a powerful influence upon the future of the East and thus upon the life of the world.

The latter part of our visit to India was even more alive with issues than the former. World conflict was converging rapidly and was moving toward India. Crucial questions concerning the future of the Christian movement were bearing heavily upon the church and mission leaders in the Punjab. What of the Christian mission in war time? What is the missionaries' place in the future? How may the leadership of Indian Christians be given sufficient support, development and freedom? Do we need more missionaries? What is the most effective basis of co-operation between the national church and the American mission? With a background created by many hours of discussion of such critical matters, we entered upon three days of prayer, meditation and intimate sharing, discovering anew that the answers to our questions were not primarily administrative but

rather spiritual. We emerged from these days of "spiritual fellowship" with the renewed conviction that Jesus Christ was indeed the need of the world and that no matter what the personal, social or national issues, one could and must "do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me."²

We visited both village and city Indian homes. We met with Christians and non-Christians. We talked with the educated and the uneducated. We conferred with both religious and political leaders, Christian, Hindu, Moslem and Sikh. India is a turbulent sea of conflicting thought and a chaotic mass of religious, social and political contradictions. But way down deep, as Jawaharlal Nehru presents the fact in his recent book *The Unity of India*, India is united in a growing awareness of the strength of her historic culture and in her passionate desire for freedom. She is determined to make the world recognize and accept both of these. Her people are not sure how to do this. Many British do not understand this. America is still too far away from India to appreciate this. Thus the contradictions and confusion. Some day the solution will be found. Brilliant minds and strong wills are consecrated to such an end. Has the truth of Christ a place here? The fact still stands for India, as well as for all the world: "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free."³

About the middle of December we received a telegram from the Indian Airways, telling that the passage we had reserved on the plane for December 18th from Karachi through the Near East and across Africa had to be cancelled because of Christmas mail and heavy military traffic. There was no space for us, so the wire said, on any plane until the middle of January. Nevertheless, we felt we must go on to Karachi to plead our cause and

case in person. Herbert Strickler, our India Council executive, prepared the way by a wire to the American consular office at Karachi. Arriving in Karachi we found that the American consul, knowing two prospective passengers on the December 18th plane had withdrawn at the last moment, had secured their places for us. We left Karachi on the morning of Friday, December 19th (the plane was delayed one day) and arrived in Lagos, Nigeria, just north of the French Cameroun, at 10:00 A. M. Tuesday, December 23rd. This trip was in many ways the most remarkable one we had all around the world. The first night from Karachi was spent in Basra, Iraq. There we were almost "deplaned" because of military "priority" passengers. But again a way opened when we presented the urgent reason for our journey. Facing the facts with us, the airways officials agreed we could continue on, what they called, our important mission, if we left our baggage behind and would proceed with one briefcase sized bag each. (With what we crammed into these and our pockets we had to live for a month in Africa.) The next day at noon the plane (a British Airways flying boat) came down to rest gently upon the Sea of Galilee. At Tiberias, we had luncheon, looking up the lovely and entrancing waters to the site of ancient Capernaum. We took off from the Sea of Galilee after about forty-five minutes. Surely this marks up a record for the shortest visit to Palestine! Flying over the Holy Land below us were both history of sacred memory and history in the making. Modern troops were marching along memorable highways. That night we were at Cairo and had dinner with President Watson of the American University, a missionary statesman and an authoritative interpreter of Egyptian affairs. He is an outstanding example of Christian leadership in present

war zones, facing crisis, standing firm, carrying on with confidence that Christ is the way to victory. Before dining we wandered awhile among the ancient pyramids, through the sunset and into the moonlight. We stood gazing upon the inscrutable sphinx, finding poise and perspective in the midst of devastating world turmoil and uncertainty.

Early next morning we were off again. It was the Sunday before Christmas. We landed on the Nile at Khartoum in time to attend a carol service at the beautiful Anglican Church crowded with British soldiers and government civilians. (No Africans were there. We were told they were in the mission or "indigenous" churches!) Early the next morning, this time on a land plane, small and fast, we flew across the desert of the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan to Kano, in northeastern Nigeria, where in a small British Airways rest-house we spent the night with primitive African life all about us. Now we were beginning to realize that this was actually Africa.

At seven in the morning (Tuesday, December 23rd) we were on our flying way, coming down into the heat and humidity of Lagos three hours later. Forty hours flying time from Karachi, India to Lagos, Africa. Take a look at the map and marvel with us at this miraculous feat of travel.

It was necessary to wait in Lagos four days for a connecting plane. That meant we had to spend Christmas there. What a strange and memorable day! Lagos, the port and capital of Nigeria, the largest British possession in Africa, is in itself far removed from what the Occidental knows of Christmas. Here was the heat of the tropics plus depressing African humidity. Here were native groups singing Christmas carols on a sultry Christmas eve. At 5:30 A. M., Christmas morning, a weird

procession of native musicians and singers with drums and cymbals awakened us as it passed under the window of our stuffy little hotel room. The African Anglican Cathedral Christmas service was at 9:00 A. M. with a vested choir leading impressively in worship, and a searching Christmas message by the African dean of the cathedral. The dean happens to be the son of one of the first Christians in Nigeria. Lagos was filled at Christmas time with heavy-hearted soldiers, sailors and traders mingling among light-hearted natives. Christmas Day in Lagos, on the west coast of Africa, far away from home in the midst of a world at war! This was a day when one had time and place to recall, with humbling and somewhat alarming remembrance, the daring line: "We are the chosen who must bear the scar of mortals who assault a blinding star!" *

December 27th came—and at 11:00 A. M. our plane set out for Duala, the one port city in the French Cameroun. Only seldom do boats go down the African coast these days, consequently it was necessary to fly. How grateful we were for those who had made all our flying possible—the daring pilots and the devoted friends undergirding us with support and prayer.

Our first introduction to Christianity in the Cameroun was a service in a small church at the village New-Bell, on the outskirts of Duala; Gayle Beanland, executive of the West African Mission, our constant guide and counsellor, took us in unannounced. The church was packed. A visiting African choir, from a nearby town, in red and white vestments, led by a native Christian who had studied in Paris, was rendering special music. In that baked-mud church building with its plain board seats and dirt floor, where we were squeezed in between two stalwart Africans, the pastor and the evangelist, on a

plank seat against the wall facing the congregation, as we heard the African choir sing a stirring arrangement of "Onward Christian Soldiers," we knew that the famous Westminster Choir had a worthy rival. Shortly after we entered the church, the pastor asked the congregation a question. The whole assembly responded in unison. Not knowing the language, we inquired as to what had been asked and so lustily answered. We were told that the pastor had called for the day's text and the response had been, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."⁵ Since then I have often thought of that praise to God and prayer for peace. It was symbolic of what we found in the heart of the African Christian: a simple faith in God and an earnest desire for trustworthy fellowship with all peoples.

Our visit to the West Africa Mission had been carefully prepared. We happened to be the first visitors from our church in America for thirteen years. This gave further significance to our coming. We received a heart-warming welcome. By the one railroad in the Cameroun we struggled along on a very rough ride in a little box-like car, from Duala to Yaounde, the latter being the capital of the colony. Here we met the cordial governor, a Free French military official, close to General de Gaulle and a friend of our missionaries of many years standing. After a night at Yaounde, in the course of two weeks we visited Metet, Foullassi, Elat, Lolodorf, Ilanga, Sakbayeme and Edea. This means that we were able to see eight of the thirteen mission posts in the Cameroun. The others were too far removed from the route planned for us. The eight we saw, however, represented every type of work. We met all the missionaries in the Cameroun save four; the latter were either at

remote stations we were not able to reach, or they could not come to the "spiritual fellowship" meetings because of pressing duties.

There are no more reverent and enthusiastic worshippers anywhere in the world than the congregations in West Africa. And nowhere is there a more interesting study. Fine looking African pastors, well groomed in white suits and attractive and intelligent African men and women in plain European type of dress mingle with crowds of African peasants of varied gradations of living. You will always find naked children, men and women entirely unclothed save for a loin cloth and others with bright colored garments draped about them in every conceivable way. Attentive, well ordered, quiet—even when a mother, nursing her baby in the very middle of an overcrowded center pew (or bench) gets up in the middle of the sermon to climb over a couple of hundred or more people, to take her other child, now crying frantically, outside. On the wall of an eating place for British soldiers and sailors in Lagos, we found a significant sign: "Be patient, remember you are in Africa." A great company of missionary pastors, teachers, doctors and nurses respond with a kindly but experience laden: "Amen."

Politically Africa is uncertain and in a precarious situation. Troops, planes, blackouts, restrictions and anxiety—these are very evident. Africa is controlled by powers in conflict. Foreign officials, military and business men predominate. Nationalism is hardly to be felt. We observed only scattered sparks of indigenous political ambition. Undoubtedly, these sparks will be fanned into flame. Who knows how soon? Our greatest concern is the relationship of Christianity to the factors and forces which are determining the destiny of Africa. This is

the challenge to those who believe that the solution is in him, who said, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel."⁶

On January 11th we left the French Cameroun by air to return to Lagos where we had been advised a Pan American Clipper would take us to America. Upon arrival in Lagos we found that the war had caused a complete upset in Pan American schedules. The next flight from Lagos was far from certain. We discovered to our surprise that the British Airways had a flight from Lagos to the United States. Pan American helped us transfer our passage to this route, for this was the only possibility of an early departure. It was a trying period. Definite word as to transportation was impossible not only for us but for government officials and military men who were standing by for passage also. For twelve and a half days we waited, using the time as best we could by writing, reading and studying African life and affairs. Twelve and a half days seemed interminable, since nowhere around the world had we been delayed that long; and, furthermore, no encouragement was given us as to when we could expect to leave, until five hours before we got away. You can imagine with what eagerness we received the news on the afternoon of January 23rd, that that evening we would leave by British Airways for their base at Baltimore.

And so we came to the end of the trail. Looking back, I marvel that we were able to make the way through. The wilderness has spread, thickened and darkened. Our own land has been drawn in. Ominous night hovers over all the earth. It seems hard to believe that so many tragic things are happening in places where we left smiling faces and courageous hearts. Previous to this "wilderness journey" some weeks were spent reading

through war letters from China, in order to edit a booklet which would include the best of them. Leaving the material in manuscript form, I returned to find it printed. Rereading it, there was a deeply moving appeal, more so than before I had passed through the wilderness. "Sympathy is your pain in my heart." I am beginning to understand something of what a missionary friend meant when he wrote in a war letter:

To you who read this, these things will not seem as they do to me. They do not seem to me as to those to whom these things are happening. I pray that I may learn the meaning of "bear ye one another's burdens." Last night was our first quiet night. It was the first night in which I have been wakeful for long. I was thinking of the people who had been driven out of the city, realizing that I had not done as much as I might have for those who came to us harassed and dejected like "sheep without a shepherd."

"The wilderness and the solitary place!" How long, O Lord, how long? And then one remembers—"the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose."⁸

IV

CHRISTIANITY IN TROUBLE

A GREAT PSALM for these days is the forty-sixth:

God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.

Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea;

Though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof.

There is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God . . .¹

In the wilderness we found plenty of trouble, and it is increasing terribly. But there is God. I know. Because we found him there. That is why it was once written, and is written again in Christian experience today:

We are troubled on every side, yet not distressed; we are perplexed, but not in despair; persecuted, but not forsaken; cast down, but not destroyed.²

We found Christianity carrying on in the midst of trouble. It is a day when the word of the Lord is being revealed, strangely and wonderfully. In the wilderness of trouble "there is a river, the streams whereof make glad the city of God." Some day the river will turn the wilderness into a garden. Some day the desert will

blossom as a rose. But that time is not yet. The river today is narrow and straight and few there are who find it. Through the chaos and confusion of the world flow the streams of the river which are the missions of the church. They are determined. They are strong. In every land we were impressed by their life-giving power. They are refreshing, renewing, redeeming. In fact, any world traveler today, if he looks beneath the surface of things, will be encouraged by the presence of the Christian church in every land he may touch with the exception of three: Afghanistan, Tibet and Mongolia. And even in these three, scattered Christians give cogent testimony. The prevalence of Christianity throughout the earth bears witness to the achievement of the world mission of the church. The political and social forces of the world may not have heeded its caution nor followed its direction, but the Christian water of life flows through each land, offering itself freely.

Never have I found a more telling description of the streams of influence of the missionary movement than the brief yet comprehensive study of "modern missions" by Professor Kenneth Scott Latourette of Yale in *Missions Tomorrow*. The whole book is worth reading, but these paragraphs are particularly forceful:

The very magnitude of the missionary enterprise is impressive. At its height, in the decade before the world-wide financial depression of 1929, it numbered roughly thirty thousand Protestant missionaries supported by contributions of not far from sixty million dollars a year, and about the same number of Roman Catholic missionaries supported by contributions of perhaps thirty million dollars a year. These missionaries have scattered themselves on every continent and on almost every group of islands, from arctic wastes

and ice to blazing deserts and the steaming heat of the tropics. The money which supports them has come primarily not from men of wealth, although these have contributed, but from millions of givers, most of them of limited means. Never has the world seen anything quite to equal it. Not only has the record never been approached by any religion and not even in any previous century of Christianity itself, but never before in the history of the race has any group of ideas, religious, social, economic, or political, been propagated over so wide an area or among so many people by so many who have given their lives to the task. Never, moreover, has any movement of any kind, political, religious, or otherwise, been supported by the voluntary gifts of so many individuals scattered in so many different lands. . . .

Their leaders have dared to attempt . . . to reach all mankind with the Christian gospel that where sin—individual, social, international, imported, and indigenous—did abound, grace might much more abound.

These . . . missionaries, in order to make their message intelligible have in the course of a century given a written form to more languages than had previously been reduced to writing in all the history of the race. They have preached the Christian gospel as they have understood it in more tongues than have ever before been used to give voice to any one set of ideas. They have translated the Bible, in whole or in part, into more languages than any one book has ever before been put since books were first written, and they have distributed it by the millions of copies. They have been the schoolmasters of whole races and nations. They have introduced modern medicine to more peoples than have ever before known any one system of medical practice. They have fought opium, prostitution, poverty, famine, superstition, poor labor condi-

tions, polygamy, concubinage, and low concepts of life and have helped whole peoples to new paths. Best of all, through them hundreds of thousands have found in Christian faith and experience the beginnings of a new life with God, and Christian communities have been brought into existence and are perpetuating that faith and experience among their own people. On the Protestant side of the enterprise, these younger churches are being knit, with representatives of the older churches, into a more inclusive world-wide fellowship than ever Christianity in its Protestant form has known before.³

In many places over the earth I shared the above with groups of missionaries. I have never been a missionary. But I have lived with them. I know them. There is more than sentiment, there is burning realism in—

O Missionaries of the Cross! Ambassadors of God!
Our souls flame in us when we see where you have
fearless trod;
At break of day your dauntless faith our slackened
valor shames,
And every eve our grateful prayers unite us with your
names.⁴

Confronted with trouble, present and imminent, we found Christianity carrying on.

Dr. Robert E. Speer once said that the view from the ridge of Panhala is one of the most unusual and entrancing panoramas in the world. Panhala is an old fort, fifteen miles outside of Kolhapur in western India. From its bulwarks one can see for miles and miles over the fertile plains of the Deccan, with the smoke of scores of little villages rising to tell of its life and need. Here for almost a week we lived in intimate fellowship with

missionaries and Indian church leaders. In two days we had forty-four personal interviews. For four days we joined in worship, meditation and prayer, building deeply in "spiritual fellowship." Then we set out to see for ourselves the work of the Western India Mission. We were confronted with many searching problems. We were inspired by heartening achievements. We came away with the challenge of the unfinished task stirring in our souls. The Indian church has been given great responsibility. "The spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak."⁵ The task is so large. The church is so small. We sought for the cardinal need of the Western India Mission, and we found it was this—more missionaries!

In the Punjab where it is cool and stimulating, one was impressed by evidences of refreshing vitality in the Christian movement in face of the many difficult political, social and religious issues in Indian life today. Having been in India five years earlier, the evidences of the progress made in five years were inspiring. Take for example the situation in Lahore. On the former visit I had found Forman Christian College and Kinnaird College in limited surroundings with meager equipment in downtown Lahore, wondering as to the future. Now both institutions have fine modern buildings and large student bodies. They are situated on new sites at the growing edge of the city, with every promise for an advancing Christian educational program. Within old Lahore city (where there are twelve hundred mosques in its limited, walled in, congested area) the Rang Mahal Boys School and the Forman Girls School, both Christian institutions, were very much alive with increased enrollment and improved equipment. The historic church on the mission compound has now a large, splendid, new

edifice with plans for erecting a Christian Community Service Building. Not far away from Lahore, we saw the beginning of the Abundant Life School, a project in Christian education and living which has been organized by the Indian church and American missions. This should become as real a demonstration of Christian living as may be found anywhere in the world.

Allahabad is one of the strategic points in India. Allahabad University, a government institution, is the second ranking university in the whole of India, second only to Madras. Allahabad is one of the major centers of the Indian nationalistic movement. It is the home of Jawaharlal Nehru. He was in prison when we were in his city, but we met his sister, Vijayalakshmi Nehru Pandit. One evening at Dr. and Mrs. Sam Higginbottom's we were dinner guests along with Mrs. Pandit; the Vice Chancellor of Allahabad University, a Moslem who is one of the world's authorities on Shakespeare; a Sikh professor of chemistry in the university and his wife, who are among the social leaders of Allahabad; and two Hindu gentlemen, one a brilliant lawyer and the other an influential business man, and their wives. Discussion at the dinner party gave opportunity for probing the deep and troubled aspects of Indian life. In the person of the great missionaries, Sam and Ethel Higginbottom, Christianity was there—matching minds in their seeking and souls in their trouble.

After Allahabad our pilgrimage led to the major areas of North India. En route we touched varied aspects of the Christian church and mission life: the camp of a district evangelist; the mobile clinic of an itinerating medical missionary; Christian uplift projects for better living conditions among the villagers, as carried on, for instance, in the Etah mission poultry and goat farm;

boys' schools; girls' schools and the countless number of both small and large churches. One never ceases to marvel at the extent and strategy of the Christian missionary approach. "All things to all men,"⁶—whatever their needs and their troubles.

There will ever live in my mind and heart the hopes and aspirations of the brave company of Indian Christians and missionaries courageously planning for the advance of the Christian mission in this dark hour. Here were testimonies of missionaries determined to stay at their posts, facing cancellation of furlough because of war conditions, meeting the deepening crisis with fortitude and sacrificial rededication. Later, the Moderator of the United Church of North India, Dr. S. Nazir Talbu-din, came to Dehra Dun to see us. He is president of the Union Theological Seminary at Saharanpur. His presence dramatized the strong bond which unites Indians and missionaries in "the fellowship of his sufferings"⁷ and in "the power of his resurrection."⁸

Visualize the heart of Africa. In the "bush" there are superstition, fear, much trouble. Yet in January, 1942, we went to church in the interior of Africa. It was at Elat in the French Cameroun. The church was packed to the doors including the rear and the two side balconies. Later the actual count recorded was 3,795. Where else in the world is there such a regular Sunday morning congregation? We met for prayer with the choir in a room behind the high pulpit. Then came the processional from side doors up into the choir loft. In the pulpit were the African pastor of the church, a visiting African pastor, the missionary interpreter and we two preachers from America. The singing of that great throng was as a mighty wave of glory ascending up on High. That may sound as a strained or forced description. But

I know no better. For two hours the congregation shared in the service in prayer, song and meditation. "The zeal of thy house" ⁹ was in great evidence.

At later meetings with some two hundred African pastors, evangelists, catechists, teachers, medical workers and mission employees, hours were spent in discussion and fellowship of prayer. Long will we remember and hold dear what the leaders rose to say. Their words of appreciation for the church in America, remembering them at this time of world tragedy, moved us deeply.

The gospel of the God of love has not been invalidated by the hate that has been let loose in the world. In many corners of the earth, to those who joined us in "spiritual fellowship" in the midst of the pressure of hate and the terror of war, we read this passage—interpret it as you will, a Christian cannot get away from:

Not many wise after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble, are called: but God chose the foolish things of the world, that he might put to shame them that are wise. . . . God chose the weak things of the world, that he might put to shame the things that are strong; and the base things of the world, and the things that are despised, did God choose, yea, and the things that are not, that he might bring to nought the things that are: that no flesh should glory before God. But . . . in Christ Jesus who was made unto us wisdom from God, and righteousness and sanctification, and redemption. . . . And I, brethren, when I came unto you, came not with excellency of speech or of wisdom, proclaiming to you the testimony of God. For I determined not to know anything among you, save Jesus Christ, and him crucified. And I was with you in weakness, and in fear, and in much trembling. And my speech and my preaching were not in persuasive

words of wisdom, but in demonstration of the Spirit and of power: that your faith should not stand in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God.¹⁰

Here is Christian faith and love in eternal perspective. Here is a telling word concerning the mission of the church. This explains why thousands of Christian missionaries and "older" and "younger" church leaders are imprisoned in the far corners of the earth today. This is the secret of the almost unbelievable stories of Christianity carrying on in the midst of trouble which were brought back by the repatriated missionaries after being released from their internment. Where will you find any more inspiring news release than the following item coming out of China: "It was the first Sunday after Pearl Harbor. Japanese guards stood at the gate of the mission compound, challenging with stern demeanor and gruff voice every Chinese who sought to attend the church service. Despite this frightening hazard, sixteen hundred Chinese filled the church to overflowing. They had come to give us a clear testimony that no matter what happened, they would be true to Christ and his church."¹¹ This exemplifies what one means by the unconquerable love of Christ in the life and work of his church in the turbulent world of our day. "The streams thereof shall make glad the city of God." For Christians will ever persist in carrying on through trouble.

And Christianity causes trouble. Somewhere Professor Whitehead has said, "The progress of religion is defined by the denunciation of gods." A courageous Christian minority has been challenging the old and the new paganism. It has caused trouble. It is the custom to say that the weakness of Christianity has caused much of the trouble in the world. By this one really refers to the breakdown of our world culture which has been

veneered with Christian idealism. But actually it is not the weakness of Christianity that has caused the basic trouble, but rather, the world has been shaken at its roots by the disturbing strength of Christian truth in action. It is short-sighted and superficial for men to interpret in military terms the words of Jesus, "I came not to send peace, but a sword."¹² In the light of the life of Jesus it is obvious that he was not speaking of a material weapon. It is the "sword of the Spirit"¹³ that has cut into the life of the world and caused trouble. In speaking to the American Bible Society, I took the liberty of reminding this worthy organization of the trouble it had caused in the world. Its esteemed general secretary, my good friend, Eric M. North, has done the world lasting service in the scholarly volume, *The Book of a Thousand Tongues*. Here one may find an account of the translation and publication of all or part of the Holy Scriptures into more than 1000 languages and dialects. Dr. North includes over 1100 examples from the text. The miracle of the spread of the Bible is summarized in these words:

This then is the achievement here celebrated—the translation and publication of some substantial part of the Holy Scriptures in more than a thousand languages and dialects—173 of them in Europe, 212 in Asia, 345 in Africa, 89 in the Americas, 189 in Oceania. The numbers alone jolt us somewhat provincial Americans, living as we do in probably the largest homogeneous language area in the world. Most of us could hardly list fifty languages. Yet here are more than a thousand which a missionary and scholarly effort have provided with some part of the Holy Scriptures. And let no one think this has been the adventure of putting a few verses of Scriptures into as many languages as a *tour de force!* On the

contrary here are 179 languages with the whole Bible containing both New and Old Testaments! Here are 212 more—391 altogether—with the entire New Testament! Here are 488 more with at least an entire Gospel and 48 with some other whole book of the Bible. Many of these last two groups have more than a single book though not an entire Testament! There are 880 languages that have at least one entire Gospel translated, either singly or within a Testament or a Bible. For those who have minds to discern, this achievement outranks the whole gamut of modern invention at which we so often marvel! For implicit in it is a hope for the human race which no amount of secular learning or scientific technique can offer.¹⁴

Quite true and quite glorious! But, going further, let us also realize that through every one of the more than one thousand languages in which the Bible has been read or spoken, disturbing truth has been released into the minds of men and thus into our heterogeneous world society. For the "sword of the Spirit" has cut into the sin which has enveloped man's soul. It has penetrated the dullness of social lethargy. It has attacked slavery, injustice, inequality, war. Christianity causes trouble!

It was the strength, not the weakness of Christianity in China which was one of the contributing factors to the invasion by the Japanese military. Traveling up and down China, from Canton to Hankow to Nanking, and then to Shanghai and Peiping five years ago, one met Japanese "fifth columnists" studying the life of the new China. The Christian leadership of Generalissimo and Madame Chiang Kai-shek, the vital New Life Movement, the fact that fifty-one per cent in the "Who's Who of China" were graduates of Christian colleges and universities, the spread of Christian ideas carried on the

rising tide of a strong Christian movement among the common folk in rural areas and within the city populations, these and much other Christian influence were giving China a virility and unity it had not known before. Chinese thought was emerging into a Christian philosophy of life. In Shanghai in February, 1937, it was thrilling to read in a newspaper printed in English the Christian manifesto of Chiang Kai-shek issued not to the church alone but to all the people of China. There has not been a more clear, fearless statement of Christian faith expressed publicly by the head of any nation in the world than the one delivered by Chiang Kai-shek at that time. In China, Christianity has caught the imagination of the reading public. Through the works of exceptionally able Chinese Christian authors, the seemingly impassable gulf between Christian and secular literature has been bridged. Chinese dramas and novels are now quoting passages from the Old and New Testaments. Christianity has penetrated into modern Chinese literature. When editors of popular Chinese newspapers and magazines want to impress their subscribers, often one finds them quoting from the Bible to add weight to their arguments. A small group of Christian writers, even two or three, can do much to a country that is literary-minded. "Cannon-balls may aid the truth, but thought's a weapon stronger."¹⁵ It is neither exaggeration nor oversimplification to say that if the Japanese military had not invaded China and with mad deliberation crucified Christian power, the world would see in China now unsurpassed peaceful construction of Christian society. Christianity in China is being crucified but Christianity in China will not be destroyed. Chinese are even now showing the reality of unconquerable Christian faith. Such faith could not help but have caused trouble as it

came in contact with the inherent paganism and the relentless desire of Japan.

It was the strength and not the weakness of Christianity in the Philippines which was one of the contributing factors to the invasion of the Japanese military. Japanese "fifth columnists" had found in the Philippines a rising Protestantism, a virile expression of Christian faith. Dean Inge once said, "It is more dangerous to preach what you practise than to practise what you preach." Filipino Christians were giving expression to their Christian faith by taking the lead in building a strong Christian democracy. This brought them trouble—trouble with the Japanese.

Insight is given to the difficulty Christianity has been causing as one listens to a missionary woman in India. She had been working in a certain place for about five years. It was a Moslem village. When I was in India she told me that she had been literally thrown out of the village a couple of weeks before and ordered not to return. As the women were driving her away, the Moslem headman said, "If you had had success before this, you would have been driven out sooner."

One night in Nagpur at the headquarters of the National Christian Council of India we were discussing the growing resistance on the part of Hinduism to the Christian mission. I asked the reason. An Indian Christian leader, a British missionary couple and an American missionary woman all agreed that it was because of the influence of Mr. Gandhi. The Mahatma had come to realize that he could not draw Christianity into the confines of a liberal Hinduism, that he could not place Jesus Christ as one of the gods in the "*Parthenon*" of Hinduism. Reading a recent publication by one of the disciples of Gandhi, I was amazed to find the claim that if and when

Christianity was really established in India one would find the proper place for Christian edifices as being chapels on the compounds of Hindu temples. The Christian sees in this but the sharpening of the issue. The uniqueness and sufficiency of Christ are challenged. In its highest tradition—Christianity causes trouble.

Further insight is given by what was found in Thailand. As an example, Wattana Wittaya in Bangkok over the years had become, at the time of the Japanese invasion, the outstanding educational institution for girls and young women in the country. There had been no opposition to Christian teaching at Wattana until it became evident that the students were feeling the influence of their Christian contacts and instruction. Without warning some little children began to throw Bibles on the floor and stamp and spit upon them. Other children took up crossing out the name of Jesus and writing the name of the Buddha over it. The Thai children did not get ideas like these out of their own little minds. It was the pressure back of the children from parents, relatives and friends, endeavoring to make them opponents of Christianity. Christianity in Thailand had grown strong enough to cause trouble. It was beginning to challenge effectively the Buddhist philosophy of life. When the 1941 persecution of Christians arose in Thailand, this was really Christianity causing trouble.

As we shall see in a later chapter, Christianity causes trouble also by persisting in changing things. Christianity is a religion of revolution. In the words of a certain British soldier: "Christianity, whether you accept it or not, is terrific: You must say 'Yes' or 'No' to it." We cannot escape from this truth: "These men, who have made trouble all over the world, have now come here."¹⁶

We found Christianity carrying on in the midst of

trouble. We found the Christian religion causing trouble. And we found Christians who are not afraid of trouble. The missionaries remaining at their posts in the time of trouble reveal a courage that goes far in advancing world Christianity. We sometimes forget all the punishment which the Christian missionary movement has had to continue to take over the years. Too often we look back to the early church and into the experiences of the first missionary pioneers and think of their hardships and persecutions as being peculiar to their times alone. Christian history is one long story of trouble. Christians have been far from sentimentalists. Trouble has been so severe at times that strong Christians with very human spirits have sometimes found it exceedingly hard to see ahead. Dr. J. W. Decker, the new secretary of the International Missionary Council, standing before the Northern Baptist Convention meeting in Cleveland in May, 1942 turned to a yellowed newspaper clipping gleaned from the files of 1927 and read the following:

Shanghai, March 29, 1927, United Press. Shanghai is bulging with refugees, a large part of them being missionaries. Prominent missionaries of all faiths have informed the United Press that they regard Christianity as doomed in China. They are universally depressed, and feel that the work of a century has crumbled and the ground lost may never be regained.

One of the best-known missionaries in China stated this morning on his arrival in Shanghai that the life work of thousands of missionaries from Europe and America has been hopelessly shattered and that a "deep-seated, bitter anti-Christianism" made further religious efforts at this time futile.

Yet February, 1928 found the missionaries back in their stations again. Two years later saw the tide turn. Once

more in the providence of God a new opportunity began to open for Christian missions.

Now, what of the experience of Christian missionaries in this day of trouble? Again there are devastation and destruction. Again terror stalks where Christian love has been laboring. Internment, imprisonment, persecution, and hundreds of missionaries returning as repatriates to this country. What do they say? How do they feel? Read this letter written without any thought of publication by a missionary on the M. S. *Gripsholm*, who, with his wife, had been held in Stanley Prison at Hongkong after the fall of the city:

Just a few lines after a very long enforced silence. It would be impossible to even begin to relate our experiences and what the sixteen hundred passengers on this boat represent. Here are unparalleled tales of horrors, persecutions, imprisonments, solitary confinements, frustrations, gnawing hunger. Here are innumerable mysteries unfathomable, fellowship eternally precious, eagerness to get back to work in our fields, convictions that Christ is the only hope of the world and the only alternative to this chaos. You will hear "all about it" soon.

As we look back over our internment when we were cut off from the outside world—months on end—we recall how we took heart and how our spirits leaped at the thought of that cable defining the board's policy with regard to us and our work on the field. I do not believe that there is a missionary who received the cable who does not believe that that message was the most significant message to a field force in our generation.

Having lived and worked as best we could (only recognizing our failures and weaknesses), trying to carry out the spirit of that cable because the board formulated, better than we ourselves could, our own

sentiments, we come "home" saying that we stayed at our jobs as long as we could be of use to Christ and his (younger) church under present circumstances.

Just a suggestion for our "home-coming." On a packed agenda—perhaps first of all—a worship service.

— (whose husband arrived in Yeungkong six days before she left for Hongkong for a much needed vacation and then got caught in a war and has not been able to get word from or to him since November) put it best: "The first thing I want to do when I get to America is to go to a beautiful, quiet church to pray." Take us to a beautiful church to pray. Let us hear an organ again. Give us the Bread of Life. Show us the Christ. Show us a fresh vision of Jesus' own dream of the Kingdom. Then for some hard realistic thinking and planning for greater things in the work of the ecumenical church. This war and its causes are evidences that our work has barely begun.

A conference for repatriated missionaries was held in New York City, August 31 and September 1, 1942, following the arrival of the M. S. *Gripsholm*. In the conference sessions there echoed and re-echoed the sentiment and faith expressed in the above letter. The cable sent by the Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church in the U. S. A., to which the letter refers, came out of a memorable two-day board meeting in February, 1941. After days of prayer, the board sent a cable to its missionaries in East Asia and a statement including the cable to all of its some twelve hundred missionaries across the world. This is the historic message:

IN VIEW MOST RECENT DEVELOPMENTS AND REPORTS,
BOARD AND STAFF IN JOINT MEETING BEAR WITNESS
WITH YOU SIGNIFICANCE AT THIS TIME MISSION ENTER-
PRISE. YOUR CONTINUED PRESENCE AS MISSIONARIES

ON FIELD GIVES VITAL TESTIMONY TO WORLD MISSION OF CHURCH, MINISTRY OF GOOD-WILL AND INDISSOLUBLE BOND OF CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP. ADVICE RE-NEWED THAT CHILDREN MOTHERS WHO SHOULD ACCOMPANY CHILDREN, AND BORDERLINE HEALTH CASES WITHDRAW. SYMPATHETIC CONSIDERATION BEING GIVEN SPECIALLY ARRANGED FURLoughs FOR SEPARATED FAMILIES. FIELD DISCRETIONARY POWERS FOR ANY EMERGENCY REAFFIRMED. BOARD AND STAFF REASSURE YOU OF UTMOST SUPPORT AND SUSTAIN YOU IN PRAYER AND IN SPIRIT OF LAST VERSES ROMANS EIGHT.

Perhaps even more notable than the experience of the board meeting itself was that which came from both the field and the home church in response to the position which the board had taken at this critical time. Cables and letters from missionaries all over the world and communications from pastors and laity from all sections of America expressed deep and enthusiastic appreciation for the direction and confidence that the board had given. It must be emphasized that the judgment of the board in this crisis was built upon the foundation of determined missionary purpose and power. In both the cable and the covering statement there was reaffirmation of the faith that "in all these things we are more than conquerors through him that loved us."¹⁷

Of course this faith and spirit are not new nor peculiar to the above board. This is the historic position of the world Christian movement: it has never been afraid of trouble. On December 8, 1940, there was the celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the sailing of David Livingstone to Africa. To recapture the spirit of so great a missionary soul, it was natural to go to the library shelves and browse through the countless volumes written on his life. In view of circumstances in the

missionary movement today, here are timely words, though written years ago about Livingstone:

It was a daring, indeed audacious programme, for his stipend was but a hundred pounds per annum. No man but one who, like the apostle, was willing to be accounted mad for Christ's sake, would have dreamed of such a sacrifice or of so imperiling the future of those dependent upon him. He knew well what he was doing and what it involved—"to orphanise my children will be like tearing out my bowels," he wrote to his superiors, "but when I can find time to write you fully, you will perceive it is the only way except giving up that region altogether." Once more he met with opposition—some of his missionary brethren believing that he was actuated by selfish motives and was deserting his proper service. His answer to the criticism was: "So powerfully convinced am I that it is the will of our Lord I should, I will go, no matter who opposes."¹⁸

This is singularly impressive because it is so closely related to recent discussions concerning present day missionaries returning to Africa and other open fields. There has been consternation as to the grave dangers they face. During hours of prayer and deliberation as to the fate of missionaries today there has arisen the spiritual voice of David Livingstone giving motivation and peace.

In a group meeting on August 19, 1942, a memorial tribute was read concerning Dr. A. R. Kepler who had died just a few days before. He was a great missionary. For 41 years Dr. Kepler served in China. His varied career reached its climax when in 1927 he was elected stated clerk of the General Assembly and general secretary of the General Council of the Church of Christ in

China. The spirit of the man is shown when in 1933 a Chinese Christian became the general secretary and Dr. Kepler continued as his associate. In rural and urban evangelism, in leadership of youth, as a builder and administrator of the church and latterly as an untiring worker in war relief, no one was his peer. What sent him to China? It was trouble of which he was not then or ever afraid. As Christian young people face the trouble of our world, it would be well for them to read these words now on the record of the board Dr. Kepler served: "The Boxer Uprising in China in 1900 made a deep impression on Asher Raymond Kepler, so deep indeed that he desired to give his life in service to that land where the need for the gospel was so great. With this goal in mind, he applied to the board for appointment in the autumn of that year. He was accepted for appointment December 17, 1900, and in May, 1901, was assigned for service in the Central (now East) China Mission. He sailed for China on August 24, 1901, one of the first group of missionaries to go to China after the Boxer Uprising. Just twenty-one years of age, he was probably the youngest ordained missionary sent to the field by his board."¹⁹

I am moved to write of the heroism of Christian missionaries, in their invincible enterprise, because I have spent so much time with them. I am aware that their heroism is no greater than that of many other Christians who are unafraid of trouble and who show devotion to duty with Christian idealism, courage and fortitude in the task of the church and in service to their country, particularly in this present crisis. Then, too, we must remember the courageous in research, in exploration into the arts and sciences, and in business, professional, engineering and political adventures. There are

also the "millions who humble and nameless the long hard pathway trod."²⁰ We found heroes in many places out across the world. Thank God for every one of them. We need them so badly these days. Christian faithful stand as sentinels of truth in every land. Let us pay special tribute to builders of fellowship in the midst of strife: Chinese Christians as T. Z. Koo, Japanese Christians as Toyohiko Kagawa, Iranian Christians as Yahya Armajani, Filipino Christians as Enrique C. Soreprena, African Christians as Daniele Tshisengu, Indian Christians as Bhaskar P. Hilva'e, German Christians as Martin Niemoeller, British Christians as William Temple, and American Christians whom both you and I know so well.

A story from Africa is representative of Christians who are not afraid of trouble. A missionary was taken ill with a strange malady of which the Africans were extremely afraid. The missionary was in severe trouble. He was removed to the hospital. An operation was about to take place. A rap came on the operating room door. The missionary nurse opened the door. Before her stood a group of African Christians, primitive, rugged, black as ebony, handsome as is the magnificence of night. The leader of the group stepped forward and said quietly, but intensely, "We know our friend is in trouble. If you need any blood, if you need any skin, if you need any bone—we are just outside the door."

All over the world one meets them—Christians unafraid. In many languages they have spoken, but as one soul they say:

If I stoop
Into a dark tremendous sea of cloud,
It is but for a time; I press God's lamp
Close to my breast; its splendor, soon or late,
Will pierce the gloom: I shall emerge one day.²¹

V

THE PRODUCTION OF ENDURANCE

OUR CHIEF problem is one of endurance. There is the crude question of the street, "Can you take it?" Christianity carries on in the midst of trouble, unafraid. But can it endure? Mr. Winston Churchill once remarked that the true measure of nations is what they can do when they are tired. What a tired, weary world we live in. Will man be able to endure the punishment he is inflicting upon himself? The worst affliction of all is that so many are losing their capacity to dream:

Take wealth from him and man will sweat for more;
Take those he loves—beneath the chastening rod
He lifts his head, but take his dreams and he
Is brother to the unresponsive clod.¹

J. Saunders Redding, the brilliant American Negro author, in his book, *No Day of Triumph*, describes the suffocating agony of his father's soul, when after his years of preparation in school and college, he met frustration and discrimination pressing down his race. It was so desperately hard to endure. He struggled, he worked. He progressed. "My father's emergence was more than physical, but it was not complete. It was as if a man struggling from beneath a smothering weight frees his head to breathe, but finds the rest of him pressed down and his lungs unable to use the air his gasping mouth

sucks in.”² So is the majority of mankind today. There is frustration. Man fears he can no longer dream.

We were so sure years ago when we hung up over our missionary mass meeting rostrums: “The Evangelization of the World in this Generation.” Then came “To make the World Safe for Democracy” and “The Outlawry of War.” The most horrible thing has come—with his dreams in shattered fragments round him, cynicism threatens to overpower him.

Have you ever heard the Parable of Hell, the story told by Martin Luther? It is an old legend, a fantastic tale, yet every time I think of it, it makes me realize the true prophet within that recklessly bold sixteenth century church leader. Here is a parable that strikes at the chaos of this dreadful hour.

Martin Luther paints the picture of Satan upon his throne. It is a day when Satan had called back from the ends of the earth envoys that had been in his service. Certain devils of the Satanic empire had returned to report their activity in the world. The first of his Satanic majesty’s representatives rose and cried out, “Sire, I was upon the earth and saw to it that a group called Christians were put upon a ship and chained as galley slaves. The ship was wrecked and the Christians drowned!” Satan looked sadly, saying, “You drowned their bodies, but you did not drown their souls.” And there was silence in Hell.

The second ambassador, amid the hellish silence, ventured, “Your majesty, I was on earth and saw to it that Christians were thrown to the lions. They were devoured.” “Their bodies were devoured,” Satan replied in angry mood, “but not their souls.” And there was silence in Hell.

Then a third took his turn: “Your majesty, I was

upon the earth and I saw to it that Christians were burned at the stake." Satan replied brusquely, "You burned their bodies. You did not burn their souls." And there was silence in Hell.

In the death-like silence a smirking individual moved forward and whispered, "Your majesty, I was upon earth and I took the form of an attractive young man. I forced my way into a gathering where a young woman rose as a Christian and told of her belief in God, of her devotion to Jesus Christ, of her faith that love would never fail. She spoke of peace through Christ, of being more than a conqueror through him. I smiled. I heard her pray. I laughed. The longer she spoke, the more I ridiculed and scorned. I followed her day and night. Every time she mentioned Christ, and always when she insisted that he alone could save the world, I scorned and ridiculed and mocked and laughed. I dampened her ardor. I quenched her spirit. I killed her soul!" Then Satan laughed hilariously, and all Hell rose and cheered!

War mocks our inherent idealism. Clever young men find it hard to be clever. The secular serious mind is bewildered and thwarted. Even the irrepressible *Time* admits it. Not long ago one of its editors confessed in a column on drama that "the war has also had a slightly paralyzing effect on playwrights. Serious writers have found the world's present plight too big to cope with. Only five of our fifty-odd plays this season (1941-1942) have tried to cope with it."

What is going to see us through? Where is the power to keep going on? How shall we endure? Someone must have asked these questions before this, for how fairly and squarely they are answered in the Epistle of James:

Greet it as pure joy, my brothers, when you come across any sort of trial, sure that the sterling temper

of your faith produces endurance; only, let your endurance be a finished product, so that you may be finished and complete, with never a defect.³

This is a fact to rely upon: endurance will be produced according to our faith. Keep the church vitalized and at work, and there will be the production of endurance. America needs to be told this by the witness of Christians in other lands. America is only beginning to suffer. The present pain in the United States now brings resentment. Increasing pain, if we are to live, can be endured only in God! *Life* magazine recently conducted a contest for Christmas cards designed by soldiers and sailors. The prizes were won by those who sketched pictures of army life and military scenes, with no reference whatever to the birth or meaning of Christ. Such an attitude will not give power to endure. Ask Christians in lands of great suffering. They will tell you with sobs of sorrow, mingled with tears of joy: "His truth endureth to all generations."⁴ How great has been the suffering of Europe and Asia and how long! When has the human race so hungered? At this time of writing comes a pitiful note from the Committee on Foreign Relief Appeals in the Churches. What untold tragedy in the caption, "Humanity Hungers!" What terrible realities in these facts: tens of thousands of orphaned and homeless underfed children in unoccupied France, slowly starving because the rations are too low; millions who have fled from the carnage and devastation of the invader in China, needing food, work, shelter, companionship in their want; twenty-five hundred orphaned missions, citizens of Axis-dominated lands, but servants of the Kingdom of God in many lands, lack food, clothing, livelihood; untold thousands of women and girls in emergency situations due

to war, their families broken, or homes destroyed, or laboring to replace men in various essential occupations; many hundreds of Christian workers, ministers, teachers, students, whose normal support and work war has disrupted, many now refugees; six million prisoners of war scattered across the world in barbed-wire enclosures, with an increasing number of Americans among them, lacking occupation or stimulus for mind or spirit; all of these and many, many others in need of the Bible—spiritual food to fill their hunger for divine companionship. How long? In the words of a youth leader, “For the duration means for the rest of our lives.” War, no matter when it ends, means that a lifetime of suffering must be endured.

Dr. Adolph Keller reminds us, “It is not possible today to take a mere ‘balcony view’ of the world. Everyone is involved in a battle of conflicting forces. There is no quiet corner left, no island of peace; not even Switzerland, for it is surrounded by a roaring ocean of violence and the horrors of war.”⁵ But even more significant, “If one reads certain descriptions of the present world, in a number of recent books on the situation, one might think there would be no religious problems, no Christian tragedy, no deeper metaphysical conflict in the human soul; there would be nothing beyond the political, military and economic events, conflicts and possibilities and their immediate meaning.”⁶ The world-minded Christian who knows the mission of the church in historical perspective and present experience is confident there is a deeper meaning. Toward that meaning, he seeks constantly in private prayer, corporate worship and Christ-directed service, that he may find daily that life is not “a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing.”⁷ The prophet Isaiah gives illumination, comfort and enduring assurance: “Though scant and scarce may be your bread and water from the Lord,

yet he your Teacher never leaves you now; you see your Teacher for yourselves, and when you swerve to right or left, you hear a Voice behind you whispering, 'This is the way, walk here.'"⁸ The Christian endures, "as seeing him who is invisible."⁹

I am writing these words while traveling on a Santa Fe train somewhere in New Mexico en route from Los Angeles to Chicago. The radio has been blaring. There has been nowhere to escape. But just now the discipline of mind and will through the tumult on the air waves has been rewarded. For on the air has come my friend Walter W. Van Kirk in *Religion in the News*, speaking from Louisville, at a Lutheran convention. He tells of Vice President Wallace visiting the Lutherans in their assembly. I note with eagerness these words:

Vice President Wallace praised the missionary service rendered by the Lutherans and other Christian bodies. He declared that many of the leaders in China and India and elsewhere were better prepared to meet the problems of both war and peace as a result of their training in colleges and universities supported by Christians of the United States. He talked about the Kingdom of Heaven here on earth. He said that in India, China, South America and elsewhere there were one billion people with an annual average income of less than one hundred dollars. To raise the standard of living of these people was said by the Vice President to be one of the missionary obligations of the Christian church.¹⁰

Here you have the testimony of the Vice President of the United States joining with world Christians in pointing the way to the production of endurance.

In the jungle of Africa when a man missionary said good-by to me a few months ago, my direction was

toward home and friends in America (tired and weary, how longingly I was looking forward to seeing them), but his steps were on into the jungle to continue his labors among African people. His wife and children were in America. He had been separated from them for over two years. He kept going on.

I left missionary friends in China. Danger was ahead. It was my task to come home. It was theirs to stay. Can I ever forget them? Can I doubt their power to endure as I read their testament of faith written after a period of prison confinement:

None of us wanted to leave—we would not have gone had there been any other alternative. The Chinese Christians are still working, planning, counting on us for help. We are not discouraged. We are uncertain as to how the work is going on and how we are going to be connected with it, but we have no question if the church is in God's hands. We have no regret. We were there to maintain a witness, and we would have gone further had it been necessary.¹¹

We were so near internment as we moved across the world just before the Japanese invader that many times I have asked my soul what I would have done in imprisonment. God knows how much I hope I would have been sufficiently in touch with the source of endurance to be able to say as did this missionary friend:

Internment, for me, meant concentration, not in the dreaded physical sense of barracks and monotony, but in the blessed experience of this "one thing I do." With our range of activities bounded by the compound walls, it was the opportunity to explore more fully the outreaches of the spirit.¹²

Because I believe record should be made of the production of endurance in the mission of the church in our time, I place here data which, for my part, I read and reread. I hope you will too. They are good for the soul.

The first is from China. A few years ago with Plumer Mills, who wrote what I place below, I lived awhile in that lovely city of Nanking. Then hope was bright. The Generalissimo and Madame Chiang Kai-shek with Christian devotion and vision were building the new China. Beautiful Chinese government and educational buildings were giving outward signs of inward progress. Then came the crash. War crushed the buildings and the programs, but not the spirit. In China there is production of endurance. Consider these lines:

Easter in Nanking! As I sat on the platform, and looked at the people, and shared in the service, somehow Easter took on a fresh meaning to me. Those who were present had doubtless all suffered in one way or another from war, and the city of Nanking itself had undergone a real crucifixion just a few short weeks ago. And yet the service seemed to hold a promise of something indestructible, something that even war at its worst was unable to destroy—the spirit of Christian faith and hope and love. It was manifest in the very presence and attitude of the people themselves.

Moreover, I felt that through the years something has been built up in our work in Nanking which will survive the test of the present hour. Much has been shaken, and part has been destroyed, but part still stands, and that which remains can well give us hope and confidence in the future. From Good Friday we can truly pass with a real measure of rejoicing to Easter.

Christ has become real in a new and vital way to Chinese Christians and missionaries through the experiences of the past year. His church has been established, not in destructible brick and mortar, but in the lives of his followers. Buildings may be destroyed, congregations scattered, but they will gather again and build anew. The church of Christ is founded in China and the gates of Hell shall not prevail against it.

Or take the experience in Iran. John Elder's home was an oasis in a desert there. We tramped through the streets of an old Persian city in a terrific dust storm. It was an omen of the coming chaos. I came on home along the trail of my travels. John Elder, his lovely wife and their children, and other faithful missionary comrades stayed on at their posts. Years have gone by. War has come. Nations have fallen. The seemingly impregnable Shah of Iran has been deposed. The winds of conflict have not slackened. Yet, dated in Teheran, April 23, 1942, come these words from this modern John:

It is not hard to think of possible improvements on this sort of world we are living in, is it? One of the irritating phases of it, I find, is that there is so little one can do about it.

I feel sometimes like a marooned householder on a high spot of land near a river in flood. We see the homes and possessions of others being caught in the rising waters and swept away. A new roar from the east reveals that a dam in that direction has burst, and is flooding the countryside with death and destruction. As we watch the rising flood we wonder whether it is to keep on until we too are submerged. Distant reverberations suggest that a levee may be dynamited to the west and the pressure removed. But no one can tell. Those who know the most seem the most pessi-

mistic. We can only wait and see. Some feel strongly that we should hail a passing ship and make for a distant shore. There are dangers in any course. But we would rather take our chances on disaster, if it comes to that, in the line of duty than on danger involved in running away.

These are not isolated cases as to the production of endurance today. We have to restrain ourselves from crowding these pages with the abundance of magnificence which comes in from all over the world telling the story of the Christian mission standing the test of endurance. It rises to reaffirm the validity of the eternal truth, "the sterling temper of your faith produces endurance."

As Anne Morrow Lindbergh writes poignantly: "Great stories are those which are so simple, that they are like empty cups for people to fill with their own experiences, and drink for their own need, over and over, through the years."¹³ I give you only two more great stories of the thousands which could tell the secret of the production of Christian endurance.

The first is told by Douglas Horton. On his way from Madras to Europe he had an accident on the Persian Gulf. Arriving in Basra, he was told that only a physician in Aleppo, far to the north, could help him. There was no other way out but to make the long tiresome journey by car. A Persian driver was Dr. Horton's only companion. For hours, Horton the American and the driver from Iran rode on together in silence. Somewhat down in spirit because of the pain and the roughness of the journey, the American, seeking the lift of a fellow traveler to help him on, turned to the Persian and said in English, "Do you speak English?" The Persian did not answer. "Do you speak French?" the American asked in French. The Persian did not answer. In German, the

American tried. Still no answer. In Italian, as a last resort, "Do you speak Italian?" The Persian driver still gave no answer. The silence was ominous. Weariness was heavy. Suddenly, the silence was broken. The Persian turned to the American and said abruptly in Persian, "Do you speak Persian?" The American did not answer. Then asked the Persian in Turkish, "Do you speak Turkish?" and the American did not answer; and in Armenian and in Arabic, but the American was silent and the silence was oppressive. It was hard going on. Then, reports Dr. Horton, there came a sound as of a miracle. The Persian driver was humming and the tune was "Nearer My God to Thee." The American straightened up. He joined in the humming. He took his turn and began another hymn. The Persian hummed with him. These two tired men from the ends of the earth smiled at each other. New life had come. There was a lift to their souls as over the dusty miles they drew nearer to each other and to God in the message of Christian truth in song. The hard hours of the journey were met with ever increasing endurance. There was the victory which overcomes the world, as entering the gates of Aleppo, with clasped hands, each in his own tongue, they sang together "*When the Roll is Called Up Yonder, We'll Be There!*"

As the other story, I bring you the experience at a breakfast with T. Z. Koo of China. He stood before some six hundred Americans who had come to hear him at an early hour in a hotel ballroom in Rochester, New York. For forty minutes the brilliant mind of Dr. Koo interpreted to his audience the political and economic factors in the present East Asia conflict. He seemed about to conclude his address—when he paused, stepped closer to the audience, and in quiet, measured words,

said: "Let me close by giving a testimony. I have just returned by Clipper from China. While there I experienced my first bombing. We were in a small village, there were no bomb-proof shelters or dugouts. A warning screamed. We fled to the hills. On a little blanket I lay down waiting for the enemy. I felt utterly helpless. What could I do? I remembered the gun I had seen in the village. It was inadequate in this emergency. I touched my money-belt. I could not buy my way out of this. I thought of my university degrees. They seemed far away. I felt alone, defeated, unable to carry on. When suddenly, as clear as any sound I have ever heard, a Voice spoke to me. I had heard it before, but never as it came to me as I watched the enemy planes come near. Distinctly and unmistakably, old, precious words became new and very real, 'Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me.'"¹⁴ The good Chinese doctor emphasized those last words in a tone of solemn certainty and peace. The large audience waited in silence as he continued quietly: "I thank you for sending this power to my people." The power to keep going on—in this the Chinese Christian statesman touched the heart of the matter.

In world fellowship that is in Christ, there comes the assurance that Christianity not only carries on in this time of trouble, but that it has the power to endure. "He that endureth to the end shall be saved."¹⁵ The buildings, organizations, and program of the church may be destroyed, but upon the rock of confession of faith in Jesus Christ in the hearts of his followers, he builds his church "and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it."¹⁶

I have not been called upon to experience hardship, but having to endure a few minor difficulties in one un-

forgettable instance has taught me a lesson in which I find strength in remembering. I was traveling alone through Iran. The journey had been hard. Certain things that need not be mentioned here had brought discouragement, even depression. I was pretty far "down." As had my friend Dr. Horton, I was experiencing a three-day trip in a car with only a Persian driver. He could not talk any English. I could not speak any Persian. Unfortunately, neither of us started humming. The trek from Teheran southward was dusty, long, strange, wearisome, and psychologically debilitating. Arriving at Isfahan, I wondered how I could continue. A group of missionaries met me on a school compound, where I was to spend the night. Their poise was almost irritating to me. How could they endure all this dirt, confusion, paganism, and apparent antipathy, if not antagonism, on the part of their adopted country? I was courteous, I hope, but I asked if I might be alone. I sought a place to rest—or perhaps to escape. I walked across the compound. A doorway seemed to offer retreat. I went in, not caring where it led. The room was half dark. I sat down on a bench. Gradually my eyes became accustomed to the darkness. I was in the school prayer room. Before me was an altar. On it was a cross. I drew nearer and saw that behind the altar, giving background to the cross, were three panels, each containing an inscription. Written in Persian on one, in Armenian on another and in English on the third were these words: "Christ, the power of God." I bowed in prayer. The truth pierced my heart again. The "sword of the Spirit" cut away fear. The renewing, redeeming power of God in Christ touched my soul once more. Refreshed and recreated, I stepped out upon the compound and found my missionary hosts. Now, as I looked into their eyes, I found in them

what I trust they discovered in mine—the secret and the experience of Christian endurance.

Most of us in America have been spared the hardship and tragedy which have afflicted Christian comrades in Europe and Asia. God grant that we may never have to know such days as they have had to share. God give us peace on earth and once more men of good will. But come peace or war, may the church of this our land be so sterling in its faith that it will untiringly produce endurance.

For years I have loved a man I have never seen. I refer to G. A. Studdert Kennedy. If he were alive, undoubtedly an Atlantic Clipper would bring him for a war-time visit to the America he admired from the England he loved. I believe I know what he would say. Somehow I feel that he would take lines he composed and spoke and lived with utter abandonment of self and so great a passion for Christ and man, and, adjusting them with new insight, he would give renewing strength to you and me by touching our hearts with this:

We shall build on!
On through the cynic's scorning.
On through the coward's warning.
On through the cheat's suborning.

We shall build on!
Firm on the Rock of Ages,
City of saints and sages.
Pray while the tempest rages.

We shall build on!

Christ though our hands be bleeding,
Fierce though our flesh be pleading,
Still let us see thee leading,
And we press on!¹⁷

VI

THE SILENT REVOLUTION

A SHIP loaded with evacuees from Burma slowly eased itself into the current, making its way up the Hooghly River. Standing with a group, watching the heavy laden transport, a political commentator turned to a friend and said, "This is the end of an epoch." A man at his side remarked, "Don't be depressed, this is the beginning of a new era." Here is a commonplace, yet a basic truth to remember daily: we are in the midst of world revolution. Is it not the primary duty of the church to emphasize the revolutionary character and power of the Christian religion itself?

It is the purpose of Christianity to bring about change. Changes, political, economic and social have been coming upon us in such swift succession that we are bewildered and depressingly confused. Yet, as Christians, we should not be alarmed by or opposed to the basic revolutionary idea. We are revolutionists, if we are true to Jesus Christ. It is the Christian purpose to change things—evil to righteousness, error to truth, slavery to freedom, injustice to justice, hate to love, war to peace, children of men to sons of God. Our need today is to keep alive and vital in the midst of the thunder of lesser revolutionary forces the basic recreating, reclaiming influence of the Christian "silent revolution." This is the mission of the church. It has paid a high price. It will

cost much more in the days to come. But if we are to have a new world there is no other way. Our hope is in this "silent revolution."

In a time of revolution, in ancient Palestine, a group of the followers of Jesus asked him, "Lord, is this the time you are going to restore the Realm to Israel?" But he told them, "It is not for you to know the course and periods of time that the Father hath fixed by his own authority. You will receive power when the holy Spirit comes upon you, and you will be my witnesses in Jerusalem, throughout all Judæa and Samaria and to the end of the earth."¹ In the old commentary of John Peter Lange, he helps us understand this passage from the Book of Acts, as he writes, "All the ardor of patriotic men to whom the liberty, the grandeur and the glory of their nation were very dear, manifests itself in this question." The followers of Christ wanted to understand the meaning of and the outcome of the revolutionary forces beating upon them in their day. Jesus did not free them from involvement in the structure of their time, but he reminded them that their task was fundamentally a spiritual one and that therein was power that would change things all across the earth. This is the word of Jesus for his followers in our day. As Christians our task is to let the Spirit of God use us to witness to Christ. Collectively this is the mission of the church. A study of the Book of Acts, a study of the whole Bible, a study of history, a study of our contemporary scene show clearly that the Holy Spirit uses men and women in different ways. Whatever one's decision, his primary obligation is to do that which he believes to be witnessing for Christ. Collectively that is to keep alive the mission of the church—in its revolution—changing things: evil to righteousness, error to truth, slavery to

freedom, injustice to justice, hate to love, war to peace, children of men to sons of God.

In a plane over Africa we looked out upon what really is a battleground of revolution. Flying down the Nile, we saw no actual fighting but we could see the movement of troops toward Libya. At the very time I was traveling over this land of revolution where battles were raging and guns and bombs were destroying, a modern prophet was pleading for the support of the "silent revolution." Prime Minister Field Marshal Jan Christiaan Smuts had this to say:

Fundamentally, the world has no need of a New Order or a New Plan, but only of the honest and courageous application of the historical Christian idea. Our Christian civilization is based on eternal order, an endless plan in the message of Christ. Many new messages and messengers will appear in these times of great tribulation. Let us hold on to the Eternal Message.

In the twilight of today, I see on that horizon not the man of Munich, not the man of Rome, but the Man of Galilee. I see him going round villages and districts teaching and spreading his message of a new Kingdom, healing the sick and suffering. And his message is: Cherish in love your fellow man irrespective of race or language; cherish and keep the Divine idea in your heart as the highest good. This is the message for the church of today and for mankind milling round like frightened sheep without a shepherd.

The Man of Galilee is, and remains, our one and only leader. And the church, as the carrier of this message, should follow him alone.²

You press a question. What evidences are there of tangible processes of the "silent revolution" on which

we may lay hold and to which we may give ourselves in days like these?

First, there is the penetrating creativity of the Christian minority. At Wellesley College in 1941 as a part of the baccalaureate sermon, Dean Willard L. Sperry of Harvard gave one of the truly great words for our day: "The hope of a better world seems to me to lie with the frankly experimental temper which can animate small societies of devoted and like-minded individuals who are willing to step out beyond the conventions of the Christian ethic of yesterday to see what the Christian religion might really be like when lived to the full by a group." This is an incisive description of the missionary enterprise. I do not know whether Dean Sperry had the mission of the church in mind, but his hope for a better world is certainly in harmony with the ideals and highest traditions of the Christian mission.

One of the eminent Christian statesmen of our generation is Francis B. Sayre, who until recently was United States High Commissioner to the Philippine Islands. When Mr. Sayre was Assistant Secretary of State, we invited him to speak at a conference on Christianity in Siam (Thailand), held in New York City, because of his experience as advisor to the King of Siam. Just before Mr. Sayre sailed for the Philippines as United States High Commissioner, E. K. Higdon, Secretary of the Philippine Committee of the Foreign Missions Conference of North America, and I put before him a map of the Protestant work on the Philippine Islands. Mr. Sayre in his own good way took advantage of that map. There are few, if any, who have lived in the Philippines who have meant more to the evangelical movement than Francis B. Sayre. When in the Philippines just before taking the plane to Singapore, we called to pay our

respects at the High Commissioner's residence in Manila. Our call became an informal conference concerning Christianity in East Asia. Everyone now knows the story of Corregidor and Mr. Sayre's perilous journey by submarine and bomber to Australia and America. Shortly after he arrived in Washington, Mr. Sayre accepted an invitation to address a national gathering of churchmen in Milwaukee. He was offered the subject, *The Spirit of the Philippines Lives On*. With deeper insight he wrote back that he preferred to speak on *Forward, Christians!* He added in a postscript that when the title was announced we should be careful not to omit the comma. The eight hundred and fifty delegates in attendance waited expectantly to hear what Mr. Sayre would say on such a subject coming out of the fire and hell of war. We were prepared for a semi-political, religiously militant address. Here is the heart of what he said:

Were Christ walking the earth today I believe his method would still be the same. I believe it is the only way that is really practical for the generation of thunderous power. I believe it is the way we must follow today if we are to succeed in Christ's work.

What does that mean for us? It means that with devotion and consecration and love each of us must let the light of his faith shine out to those in darkness around him. It means that others, burning with a like conviction and with passionate devotion to the Master, will be attracted by that light and find sustaining encouragement and help.

Little groups of Christ-lovers will spring up here and there—passionate, consecrated men and women; and upon these little groups or "cells" throughout the nation, throughout the world, a great regenerating and recreating movement, if God so wills, can be built. The time seems ripe. But first the groundwork must

be prepared. True Christians must be at work upon this immensely vital task.⁸

The words of both Dean Sperry and Mr. Sayre should have marked influence in the life and work of the church. Here is striking confirmation of our contention that today we must think of the Christian movement as a vigorous and vigilant minority which has within itself the power of penetrating creativity, changing things.

Look beneath the headlines and consider a few facts. Take, for instance, what we found in the Philippines. As has been previously emphasized, threatened by the avalanche of force which soon was to fall upon them (sooner than they realized), professional, educational and business leaders joined with eager student groups in seeking to understand and experience the power of Christian truth. Their quest was more urgent than they then knew. No one can tell at this writing what is happening to the Christian community in the Philippines. One significant message, however, has come through. We have received a cable from Manila by means of the International Red Cross by way of Geneva. It arrived shortly after the fall of Corregidor. It was the first word to pierce the barrier of steel around Manila. It was signed by a Christian missionary. It read, "All well. Some free to serve." Here indeed is irrefutable testimony to the penetrating creativity of the Christian minority.

Flying from Manila to Singapore, looking north I thought of the visit of a few years ago in Japan, Chosen and China. How the Christian minority is persisting in changing things in these lands is a story that posterity will be able to tell with authority and completeness. Remember only one-half of one per cent of the people of Japan are Christian; less than one per cent of the people

of China; two per cent of the people of Chosen; only 10,000 Protestant Christians among the 20,000,000 people in Thailand. In the last census out of the 389,000,000 of India 8,000,000 were reported as Christians. It is sufficient for us to remember now all that Generalissimo and Madame Chiang Kai-shek have meant in changing things in China. About them and within them is the power of the "silent revolution" created by the gospel of Christ. Out of a Japanese controlled area one meaningful word has come by the way of a newspaper dispatch. In protesting the activity of the Christian missionaries in Chosen an official of Japan was quoted as saying: "In thirty years you have put a kink in the thinking of the Koreans which it will take the Japanese military three hundred years to eradicate." More power to the Christian minority! Small minority that it is, the church in Japan exerted such influence that the government was compelled to recognize officially Christianity as a religion.

When you think of Thailand never forget that Christian schools have predominated in the country and that there are Christian members on the faculty of the government university. In the life of thousands of students who have been graduated from these institutions has been planted a revolutionary power to change things. Japanese domination is not the end of the story. "Truth crushed to earth shall rise again."⁴

Turning to India, now in such tragic crisis, remember that even though Mahatma Gandhi has not been willing to identify himself with Christianity, the deepest principles of his life have been created by the spirit of Jesus. It is interesting to find the penetrating influence of the Christian minority, even in Mr. Nehru's family. I refer particularly to his sister and brother-in-law, Mr. and

Mrs. V. L. Pandit. This brilliant and forceful couple, who are not only relatives of Mr. Nehru but are closely associated with him in his work (Mr. Pandit was the cell mate of Nehru at the time I was in India), though not professed Christians, have their children in Christian mission schools and confess close friendship with and the strong influence of Christian missionaries. From another angle, there are seventy million outcastes in India and they are entering the Christian church at the rate of three thousand a week. Here is a pertinent question asked by G. E. Phillips, an authority on India—"If it has mattered to the whole world that seventy million people in Russia twenty years ago set their faces toward Marxism, how much will it matter if about the same number in India now ask us to show them the Christian way of life?"⁵

In the Cameroun we found dependable and progressive minds of certain leading Africans, not as the products of German or French colonization but as the result of Christian missionary activity. We have not heard the end of the conflict in Africa. The real revolution is only beginning there. Things will be changed. The day may not be far away before we find African leadership supplanting the present white supremacy. In such a day what will be the basic revolutionary force? I am convinced it will be the "silent revolution" through Christian impact which has been making its creative influence felt over the years in the minds and souls of emerging Africans.

Reflecting as to what power really was at the heart of any basic change in the affairs of men, I was startled and gratified to find in a brilliantly written article in a secular magazine the following statement:

In the long run Christianity produces its effects on the world, not through study and talk and good resolutions, but through reborn souls. It is *this* individual person and *that* individual person who must be converted to a higher and deeper way of life, not Man in the abstract, nor even the Nation. Christ himself changed the current of history, and a single Saint Francis profoundly affected the ways of men. And no one can foretell the possible effects on the post-war world of what may be going on, unseen and unheard, in the hearts of many who perceive—and surely never with greater evidence—the vanity of the structures which contemporary man has tried to erect in worship of himself.⁶

This but reiterates the peculiar responsibility and urgent opportunity facing churchmen at this hour in exerting their influence in deepening and advancing the penetrating creativity of the Christian minority. This is the “silent revolution.”

The second fundamental process of the silent revolution is the persistent expansion of world Christian fellowship. Let us remember not only its early history but especially comparatively modern developments. Take China as an example. In 1807, Morrison began his labors there. It took seven years before there was the first convert. In 1830 there were only three Protestant Christians in China. In 1857 there were but 400 Protestant church members. In 1900, the year of the Boxer Rebellion, there were 90,000. In 1925 there were 400,000. And now in China there are approximately 500,000 Protestants and five times as many Roman Catholics.

We stand in humility and amazement before the ways of Divine Providence when we realize the significance of the ecumenical conferences which were held just prior to the war that has torn the world apart. The reality of

these world-wide Christian gatherings still holds the world together spiritually. Back of the Oxford, Edinburgh, Madras and Amsterdam conferences of recent years is the persistent growth of ecumenicity. The first world conference of the International Missionary Council was held in Edinburgh in 1910; twenty nations were represented. The second such meeting was held in Jerusalem in 1928; forty nations were represented. Then came Madras. Here under the auspices of the International Missionary Council every nation and territory in the world were represented with the exception of three—Mongolia, Tibet and Afghanistan.

Moreover, think of the rise of world Christian leadership in world fellowship. In the 1910 conference in Edinburgh our friends from the then called *native* churches were there primarily as exhibits. In Jerusalem, in 1928, they were called leaders of the *national churches*, and they were present as counsellors. In 1938 at Madras, the representatives of the *younger churches* were the most active and able leaders of the conference. The China delegation was voted the best and a Chinese woman was its chairman.

Professor John Davis of Drew University once wrote: "One should know three centuries: the fifth century before Christ when Greek culture came into flower; the first century, when Christianity came into being; and his own century." Will not posterity write that we should know four centuries, inserting as the third one "the twentieth century, when the world Christian church became a reality"?

A memorable experience during my past months of travel was a visit to an *orphaned mission*. It was just after Christmas. In the French Cameroun, on a hilltop overlooking the port of Duala, with a wonderful view of

the west coast of Africa, a French mission has a large compound in which are a church, a school and missionary residences. Here a group of Free French, now exiled from their homeland, are carrying on bravely. Their gratitude for spiritual and financial support received during these war years from the church in America through the International Missionary Council, was moving and pathetic. We had a long and intimate visit with these French Protestant missionaries talking of the importance of this remote outpost of the evangelical church. One Sunday afternoon we were taken to a service in the attractive African church building. We were unusually impressed. The congregation was large and responsive. The young African preacher was attractive and earnest. There was a little human touch which warmed our hearts. The preacher conducted the worship service from a desk at the center of the chancel. As he came to the sermon, he climbed the steps of a high pulpit to his left. On the desk at the chancel level was an alarm clock. After he had reached the pulpit, an old African elder stepping forward, with dignity and quite evident meaning, moved the alarm clock to an angle where it could be seen by the African minister from his high pulpit. *Terminal facilities* are undoubtedly lacking at times in the preaching of African preachers as well as in the homilies of many American divines.

As we sat at the side of the chancel, unable to understand the sermon, there was a splendid opportunity to study the church and the congregation. The church itself was made of stone, covered with plaster. It had plain lines. It was roomy and adequate. There was a little organ at which an elderly African organist played most devotedly. As always in facing an African congregation of any size, I was interested in the combination

of dress and colors. Many were naked save for loin cloth. Many were dressed in European clothes. Some women sat with their black curly hair sticking out in all directions. Other women had on big conspicuous American hats. All faces were intent and receptive. The hearts of the people were eager to know more of the Word of God. Surveying the congregation, I asked myself two questions. First, how did it come about that such a fine company of Christians were worshipping there on a hilltop in West Africa? This question was answered as I left the church. For on the wall near the doorway, a heavy marble slab had been fastened with large spikes. In English were inscribed these words:

This tablet is erected to the memory of the Rev. Alfred Saker, who, in the service of the Baptist Missionary Society, was the first to plant on this spot the Gospel of Christ and to introduce among the Duala people the knowledge of the Word of God and the arts of civilization. He founded the colony of Victoria on Amboisea Bay as a refuge for the persecuted people of Fernando Po, among perils sustained by faith in God and by ardent love to the Lord Jesus Christ. He labored for thirty-six years with unflagging zeal to instruct the ignorant, to elevate the degraded, and to save the souls of the perishing. He was born on July 21, 1814, and died March 13, 1880, cherishing to the last moment the hope that the dark continent of Africa should in due time be filled with the Light of Divine Truth and Love. "He endured, as seeing him who is invisible."

And my second question was, how, in the midst of wartime, do these exiles continue to serve as missionaries, keeping up such a noble Christian ministry among this

people? And I remembered and gave thanks not only for the gifts from America that had kept these French Protestant friends at their task, but I recalled also with gratitude to God that not one missionary has been withdrawn from active service in any part of the world during this war because of the lack of financial support. As the International Missionary Council report of the past year tells appreciatively, through its appeal for *orphaned missions* there has been a grand response from the churches. A total of \$1,645,588.73 was given for the work of *orphaned missions* in 1940 and 1941, even though there were increased costs to the regular missionary and home ministry. Most of the money came from America. The report declares: "This body which God has fashioned through Christ cannot be destroyed." A commentator adds: "It is also evident that ecumenicity is more than a queer word reserved for editorials and convention speeches."

Flying from Bangkok to Chiengmai, the plane stopped for refueling at Pitsanaloke. As mentioned heretofore, we were in Thailand at a time when Christianity was being opposed and Thai Christians were being persecuted. Standing by the plane, waiting for its reconditioning, we were two foreigners in the midst of not too cordial a Thai company. Soldiers were here and there. Mechanics were working on the plane. My colleague and I began to talk together as we waited. Presently a young Thai, an attractive lad about seventeen years of age, stepped forward and said in broken English, "I speak English little." We smiled. He asked, "Why are you here?" We replied we were representing the church. The young fellow hesitated but a moment and then he asked, "Are you Christians?" We responded that we were. Then the young Thai looking around him, evi-

dently aware of the attitude of his compatriots, took a step forward, and said in a clear voice, "I Christian, too." It involved much risk for that young Christian to give his witness. But his testimony advanced world Christian fellowship far more than he knew. We have carried his heroic word in our hearts and have spoken of it throughout the world. This is but slight indication of the strong, persistent advance of world Christian fellowship in days of world division and tragedy.

When we returned to America we were depressed by the unfavorable reactions on the part of many news commentators as to the word that had been broadcast from Tokyo to the effect that two hundred Japanese Christians in Tokyo had joined with Dr. Kagawa in a continuous period of prayer, day and night, for a whole week up to the morning of December 7th, praying that war might be averted. The broadcast said, moreover, that "prayers are being said daily for an early conclusion of the war and the restoration of peace throughout the world." The cynic speaks of this as Japanese propaganda. The doubter calls this mere sentimentality. The Christians, with insight and understanding of the bold spirit of the little Christian minority in Japan today, can but hold fast to this as being another attestation of the persistent expansion of world Christian fellowship.

Robert Mackie, general secretary of the World Student Federation, in some way recently received a letter from a Christian student in Germany which speaks for itself here:

I remember vividly the many occasions in past years when we stood together in the service of students and in the service of the church of Christ. What united us then across national frontiers and in spite of

differences of mentality, temperament, and language, still unites us today. Only today it unites us even more strongly and more really.

For we belong all to the one Lord who opens his arms widely from the cross to take up for a lost world, guilt, sin, fear, distress, loneliness, horror, pain, suffering, and death into the victory of his unlimited mercy and eternal life. We belong to the one brotherhood in the Spirit. Therefore nothing can separate us. We think of each other in our intercession.⁷

In Africa, when preaching in the large church at Elat, I underestimated the congregation. I did not minimize its size, though I did underrate the faith and vision of that large company of Christians. There in the "bush," so far from what we think of as the civilized world, out of the background of a mistaken white superiority, I took for granted that the "bush" people could not be aware of global issues or world Christians. Consequently, except for a few missionary illustrations, I limited the discourse to matters pertaining to simple, personal religious experience. Much to my surprise, at a later service, where prayers and testimonials were being offered, my interpreter told me that the Africans were praying for Christians in the Philippines, Thailand, China, Japan, and India, praying that these Christians would keep loyal and that when the time of testing came in Africa the Christians there would stand firm, too. One African leader held his fingers together as links in a chain, giving thanks that as Christians around the world we were links in a chain holding the world together and that no force on earth could pull us apart.

We undervalue the faith of Christians throughout the world in regard to world Christian fellowship. Underneath the headlines of tragedy there are men, women and young people in all lands advancing world fellowship in

Christ by faithfulness to him and to each other. This, to me, is one of the heartening factors in the making of tomorrow.

We must not forget the place which the Christian missionaries have had in advancing this world fellowship. As they have remained at their posts, no matter how restricted, imprisoned or persecuted, they have given a significant demonstration of Christian brotherhood and a compelling impetus to its life. Before me are two letters which I believe will become historic. They were not written with the sense of the spectacular nor were they prepared for publication. They are administrative documents sent out by executives on the field in the work of the Christian mission. They were prepared, after hours and days of prayer, for the counselling of missionaries as to their task and duty in the face of rising conflict and war. I should like to give you the names of the writers, but I am afraid it would be dangerous for them. The first letter is from China. I quote, in part:

The course we are following is definitely one of venturing in behalf of a cause we believe to be worthy of all that we have and are. We are living dangerously. We are not living on a "security first" basis. After a year's opportunity for thought and discussion of all that may be involved in remaining at our posts this fact is probably manifest to all. Those who remain in an area where their status in case of eventualities will become that of enemy aliens must not be under any illusions about what might be involved in the continuation of their service. The acceptance of the responsibility for remaining is personal and individual.

These are serious days for us all and our service has now become a high venture of faith as never before. We are confident that we are of one mind and heart in

believing that the venture is justified by the nature and the purpose of the missionary enterprise. Multitudes in our day indeed are called upon to make sacrifices in the service of earthly lords and rulers. We go forward in faith in One who is above time and its turmoil and in whose peace we can abide. Meanwhile we continue to hope and pray that calm reasonable judgment may prevail among those in whose hands are the immediate destinies of the nations of the Pacific, and that the will of God will prevail.

The second letter was written in India, under the stress of recent circumstances:

In what I said to the officers at Delhi, I tried to explain the purpose of our being here, the large part the missionaries still have in the work, the wide relationships we have with the country through our institutions, and the consequent bearing on general morale of our attitudes and actions—not to mention the reflex effect of what we do on the home church. I also stressed our ability to be of service in case of trouble or suffering in India, through our hospitals, our personnel, and some knowledge of the country and language. I think I "got across" at least a little of this point of view. I made it clear that, while we had this feeling about our general policy, we were making it possible for mothers with children to go home, and would consider seriously the cases of other individuals where special factors were involved. But we were ready to face squarely the risks we run by being here and we would stand ready to serve in any emergency.

The penetrating creativity of the Christian minority! The persistent expansion of the world Christian fellowship! The "silent revolution" carries on!

These past months a slogan has been written across the face of America: "Remember Pearl Harbor!" I re-

member Pearl Harbor in a very particular way. In August, before "Pearl Harbor," I stood on a hilltop in Hawaii outside the city of Honolulu and looked down upon this site of crisis. Later, it was not difficult for me to dramatize in my own mind what took place there as the Japanese forces sent their planes, submarines and warships on so terrible a mission of destruction. When I remember Pearl Harbor, however, I do not think primarily of the moments I looked upon it, nor of the news of the tragedy. Far deeper implications of war burned their way into my soul. I was in the heart of India. We were gathered in a missionary compound on the outskirts of the town of Mainpuri, north of Allahabad. We had been together for some five days in "spiritual fellowship." The setting was picturesque. The missionary compound was like a quiet park. It was a training school for Indian leaders, as well as a place of residence for missionaries. For this *retreat*, mission friends had come from miles around. There were some twelve or fifteen tents pitched on the compound in which missionaries were camping for the period of our meetings. On the ninth of December (we had not yet learned of the Pearl Harbor incident, there being no radio or prompt news in a daily paper) we spent the morning discussing *The New Day Before the Church*. It was a meeting of great inspiration. The missionaries gave it the inspiration. They responded with eagerness. We were told the church was entering a new day in India and we were planning accordingly. We took recess for luncheon. Going to a missionary bungalow, I found on a table the little newspaper, issued for English speaking people, which had been delayed in arriving. There were the headlines: "Pearl Harbor Attacked by the Japanese." America and Japan were at war. I shall never be able to put into words the overwhelming sense of

tragedy that took hold of me. It was difficult to eat luncheon. After a silent meal, I went to the little room which had been assigned me, crept under the mosquito netting, lay down on the bed, and reached out with mind and soul for strength. That afternoon there was to be a further session of the "spiritual fellowship." What were we to do and say? We turned with a sense of desperation to the program that had been prepared many days before. What subject had we decided previously to consider that afternoon? To our amazement it was this: "Nevertheless we made our prayer unto our God."⁸ Moreover, we discovered that for that very evening we had planned a communion service and the text chosen for the meditation was: "Love never faileth." The afternoon session was unforgettable. The evening communion will always live with us. We realized that there was only one way to understand and to hold on to what Saint Paul really meant by "love" in the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians. For the word "love" we substituted, in the spirit of Saint Paul, the name "Christ":

Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not *Christ*, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal . . . though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not *Christ*, I am nothing . . . *Christ* suffereth long, and is kind . . . Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things. *Christ* never faileth. . . .

That is what I try to remember when I "remember Pearl Harbor." War comes to remind us that it is later than we wish it were. But it is not yet too late to press on

in the task of the church, in the sufficient and unconquerable power of the "silent revolution."

We were keenly aware that ahead of us there were grave difficulties. War with its suffering and insidious frustration had now encircled us with its death-bearing tentacles. There was the temptation to give way to panic, to be driven by desperate urgency. It was a missionary woman doctor who pointed the way. She told of some of the vicissitudes through which she had passed during her early years in India. She had been almost overwhelmed by the forces of her new world. All of the social, economic and psychological pressures of Indian life, along with pagan opposition to her work, beat her down into the very depths of despair. She had been on the verge of a nervous and physical collapse. But now she stood before us a strong, lovely person who was giving herself completely every hour of the day to an ever deepening and enlarging ministry, changing things. She epitomized in her life and work the power of the "silent revolution." She shared with us the secret of that power. Beautifully, tenderly and fearlessly she sang:

Be still, my soul: the Lord is on thy side;
Bear patiently the cross of grief or pain;
Leave to thy God to order and provide;
In every change He faithful will remain.
Be still, my soul: thy best, thy heavenly Friend
Through thorny ways leads to a joyful end.

Be still, my soul: thy God doth undertake
To guide the future as He has the past.
Thy hope, thy confidence let nothing shake;
All now mysterious shall be bright at last.
Be still, my soul: the waves and winds still know
His voice who ruled them while He dwelt below.⁹

VII

CARRY RELIGION TO VICTORY

WHAT GREAT tragedy if we win a military victory and find we have lost all by succumbing to that which we have been fighting against. Then Christianity will indeed be swept into the dark ages. How shall we maintain and sustain Christianity in the world today? The answer is—carry our religion to victory.

The enemies with which we are in our most determining struggle are not the military powers themselves pressing upon us. Our most dangerous enemies are (1) the psychology of despair, (2) moral deterioration, (3) the false sense of white superiority, (4) mad, relentless hate.

The military forces of the enemy nations will never conquer Christianity by ruthless might. Herein is not our greatest peril. The Bible, history and present Christian experience prove that. Our supreme danger is that our religion will be defeated by irreligious ideas, attitudes and actions. Then we will give way before the paganism of our enemies. We must carry our religion to victory.

In New York City at the main entrance of the Public Library at Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street, there are two marble figures above a fountain. On one side there is the figure of a woman representing Beauty. On the other side there is a figure of a man representing Truth. Over the latter, in large, impressive letters is this inscription taken from the Apocrypha: "But above

all things truth beareth away the victory.”¹ The ideal and ultimate in this are suggested and promised in the delicate line in Matthew: “ . . . till he carries religion to victory . . . ”²

This is the function of the church—carry religion, Christian truth to victory. There is increasing recognition of the fact that if our civilization is to survive, Jesus Christ must be given pre-eminence. There is an ever enlarging fellowship committed to that end. To demonstrate the truth of Christianity is to carry religion to victory. This is the mission of the church. It is the task of the church to keep on the offensive with affirmative attitudes and actions which will overpower our greatest enemies. For the word still stands, we can only “overcome evil with good.”³

In his courageous and comprehensive book *Conditions of Peace*, Edward Hallett Carr, Professor of International Politics in the University College of Wales, justly criticises democracy for its lack of the offensive spirit. He writes:

Those responsible for British propaganda in Europe in the present war have found the “ defense of democracy ” a wholly inadequate rallying cry. “ Democracy is in its present plight ” confessed a well-known British writer when the war was a year old, “ because for years democrats have left the initiative entirely in the hands of their enemies.” This inert and negative character of temporary democracy, this uncertainty for what it stands, is well illustrated by the fluency and the vagueness with which the term is used by politicians of every complexion. Praise of democracy has served more often than not as an excuse for self-complacency and for doing nothing.⁴

This is true concerning democracy, and I believe it is true concerning the Christian church. Take a moment or so to reread the above and substitute for *British, Christian*; for *democracy, Christianity*; for *democrats, Christians*; and for *politicians, churchmen*, then you will have something of very real consequence for modern Christians.

From the conversations we had with government, civic, political and church leaders in the Philippines, Thailand, India and Africa, one carries away no greater impression than their wistful desire that the church increase its offensive. This is observed from indirect as well as direct reactions. For instance, when I was in Vengurla, on the western coast of India, in the hallway of a Christian school I found a splendid photograph of Jawaharlal Nehru. Mr. Nehru had autographed his picture and underneath he had added: "Success often comes to those who dare and act, but seldom comes to the timid." This is consistent with the spirit of Mr. Nehru's leadership of the India National Congress. I recall in his book, *The Unity of India*, this stimulating claim concerning the life and work of the congress, "Long years of struggle and training have hardened us and disciplined our minds and bodies. Instead of loose talk we speak the language of action, and even our mildest whispering has weight because it has the promise of action behind it."⁵ On the very day I finished this book I happened to pick up a report made by the moderator of the Presbyterian Church of England after his moderatorial tour a few months before throughout the British Isles. As a supplement to his report, there were a few pages describing conditions of the church in the areas where the British soldiers were stationed. It was distressing to read that in one place the soldiers call the padres *signposts*, because "the padres

point the way but they never go." One denies this generalization, yet there is enough truth in it to hurt. It would be a marvellous thing if we could apply to the Christian church that which Mr. Nehru has claimed for the National Congress. This is our objective and this is our necessity. The church must launch a greater offensive. We must carry our religion to victory. We must keep keenly and vitally aware of the deep issues in the present conflict. We must take an active part in it.

Consider four major emphases which the church must make if it would carry religion to victory.

If our religion be carried to victory, as the psychology of despair threatens to engulf life today, the church must declare the hope that is in Jesus Christ. As despair stalks the earth, I think of a leader in India who was publicized as having emerged from Hinduism, leading the *depressed classes* with him. He was confronted with Jesus Christ. Because of reasons sufficient for him, he refused to enter the fellowship of the Christian church. I feel shame—deep shame—when I realize how the inconsistencies of the Christian church have helped to keep Dr. Ambedkar from identifying himself with the Christian religion. In conferences with him one is forced to the opinion that he has given way to the impact of world conflict and the pressure of Indian chaos. Dr. Ambedkar was in despair. He was disillusioned and disappointed. His bitterness in frustration was tragic. Not in a spirit of judgment, but as a matter of fact, I could not help but feel that even so able an Indian leader is simply at the point where all men come, no matter how strong they are, when they turn away from Christianity. Without Christ there is no hope. "Christianity is a religion which transcends tragedy. Tears, with death, are swallowed up in victory. The cross is not tragic but the

resolution of tragedy. Here suffering is carried into the very life of God and overcome.”⁶ Reinhold Niebuhr has never written a more profound nor a more timely word than this.

Christianity is the religion of hope. This has been tested by time and has not been found wanting. The autobiography of John Buchan was published in America under the title *The Pilgrim Way* but in England it was *Memory Hold the Door*. This latter is the key to the hope that is in Christ. We have through him, *long memories*. Wrote Lord Tweedsmuir, “In the cycle to which we belong we can see only a fraction of the curve, and properly to appraise that curve and therefore look ahead, we may have to look back . . .”⁷ Compare this deep insight to the unrealistic view of Clifton Fadiman in his review of a recent novel. “I like a fine phrase as well as the next man,” writes Mr. Fadiman. “I would like to believe with Mr. Steinbeck in the *Moon is Down* that it is always the herd men who win battles and the free men who win wars. Perhaps that is true, but everybody now alive is a short-runner.” One challenges Mr. Fadiman. Everybody now alive is not a short-runner. Christians are *long distance runners*. “The things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal.”⁸ The faith of Christian *long distance runners* is valid in the time of war as well as in the day of peace. I recall being in China at Easter-time, 1937. Early in the morning we stood on a mission compound and joined Chinese Christian doctors and nurses in an Easter dawn service. As we sang “Jesus Christ is Risen Today, Hallelujah” we looked upon the ruins of the Boxer Rebellion nearby. In 1900 with the Boxers as in 1927 with the Communists, headlines of the *short-runners* were saying that it was all over with Chris-

tianity in China. Today the Christian religion is stronger in China than it has ever been in the history of that land. It is far from being defeated.

Again let me quote Professor Latourette of Yale:

In 1792, the year of the Reign of Terror in Paris, the Baptist Missionary Society was organized in England, growing out of the efforts of William Carey.

In 1795, The London Missionary Society was organized by English Congregationalists.

In 1799, when Napoleon was returning from his campaign in Egypt in an effort to break Britain's communications with India, the Church Missionary Society was formed by the Anglicans.

In 1804, when Napoleon was giving the greatest threat of invasion England has had between the Spanish Armada and the Nazi attempt in 1940, the British and Foreign Bible Society was organized.

In 1810, when New England was distraught by our attempts to maintain our neutrality in the Napoleonic Wars, the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions was organized in New England.

In 1812, while American ports were being blockaded by the British at the beginning of the War of 1812, the first party of American missionaries, of which Adoniram Judson was a member, sailed for India.⁹

It is the purpose and power of Jesus Christ in the soul of a man which gives insight, perspective and hope. Charles Morgan, the novelist and playwright, in an essay on *Singleness of Mind*, though not referring definitely to

the Christian spirit, gave intimation as to a deep aspect of that spirit, more wisely than he knew perhaps, when he wrote: "For, like all great ends, singleness of mind is not an end but a beginning. It is a receptive state, the converse of hardness of heart. It is the womb of reason. A countryman has it who, being himself very old and without hope of the event, goes upon his knees to plant an acorn in the ground." Saint Paul, according to Moffatt, has expressed our hope better than any one else in the captivating text: "God's peace, that surpasses all our dreams."¹⁰

In the second place, if our religion be carried to victory, as moral deterioration causes terrible disintegration of life about us, Christian truth must offer its redeeming, recreative power. Moral deterioration is a very personal thing. There is the tragedy of the disintegration of human personality in every land. This has been made horribly dramatic in our time as the old paganisms long in control and the new paganisms flaunting their modern atheism have shown what sin will do to a personal life. The offensive of the Christian mission has lifted millions of dying souls to new life in Christ, even as John Masefield's Saul Kane—

O Christ who holds the open gate,
O Christ who drives the furrow straight,
O Christ, the plough, O Christ, the laughter
Of holy white birds flying after,
Lo, all my heart's field red and torn,
And Thou wilt bring the young green corn,
The young green corn divinely springing,
The young green corn forever singing;
And when the field is fresh and fair
Thy blessed feet shall glitter there
And we will walk the weeded field,

And tell the golden harvest's yield,
The corn that makes the holy bread
By which the soul of man is fed,
The holy bread, the food unpriced,
Thy everlasting mercy, Christ.¹¹

But moral deterioration and redemptive release and recreation are not only a personal experience. As the Archbishop of Canterbury has said, there is "the astonishingly silly saying that a man's religion is a private affair between him and his Maker." The Christian mission must continue to bear upon and eradicate the social causes of moral deterioration. The liquor traffic, prostitution and all forms of economic slavery have ever been the enemies of the Christian church. When we turn toward other evils such as inequality and economic injustice, the church itself has to admit that its "skirts are not clean." We are slapped by our critics and are told to practice what we preach. The Archbishop of Canterbury said on another occasion, "Practice what you preach. That is a very wholesome prod for the preacher's conscience but if the preacher in fact preaches nothing more than he can practice, he is preaching very badly." It is the duty and endless responsibility of the Christian mission to proclaim the truth that is in Jesus Christ, and upon this to build a Christian order for human relations. I believe the Christian mission has been doing this in its educational, medical and social task, the whole being permeated with an evangelistic message to the soul of the individual. With every ounce of energy we possess and with "prayer . . . without ceasing"¹² we must press on in our battle with the deadliest of all *fifth columnists*: moral deterioration.

If our religion be carried to victory, as a false sense of white superiority fosters the gross evil of racial discrimina-

tion, the Christian mission must proclaim and reveal Christian brotherhood. In some respects there is no more treacherous enemy to contend with than the false sense of white superiority. This has contributed sadly to the fall of Hongkong, Singapore, Malaya and Burma. It threatens the Philippines, China, India and Africa. What we do in America in the way of racial relationships has a great deal to do with how the United Nations carry on their crusade across the world. The Director of the Illinois Institute of Technology stated recently in a public address that the bias against hiring Negroes is, in his judgment, the chief problem of the United States today. I am interested that young men and women are seeing this clearly, more so than some of their elders. Let me bring you two excerpts from American college publications. The first is taken from the *Columbia Daily Spectator*:

Several weeks ago we called attention to a statement by a Red Cross official who, in explaining the charity agency's policy of segregating white and Negro blood, remarked that "the prejudices of people in a democratic community must be respected."

We disagreed then; we disagree now. The kind of country we are fighting for and will fight for is not the country which "respects the prejudices" of people when "prejudices" mean persecution of and bias against human beings because of their color, race or religion. Just as there can never be a compromise with fascism in the world at large, there can never be a compromise in the battle against prejudice and intolerance.¹³

The second is from the *Oklahoma Daily*:

The people of this country forget that a feeling of human brotherhood is not merely some missionary's sentiment. The white races are entitled to the pride they take in their rank among the races of this universe. But it is questionable how long they will continue to command an esteemed rank if a majority of their number choose to remain oblivious to the virtues of other races. Few seem to realize that they can be proud of their own race without undervaluing the best qualities of all others.¹⁴

And an exceedingly proper word by Walter Lippman has its place here:

The Western nations must now do what hitherto they lacked the will and the imagination to do: they must identify their cause with the freedom and the security of the peoples of the East, putting away the white man's burden and purging themselves of the taint of an obsolete and obviously unworkable white man's imperialism.

As Mr. Wendell Willkie stated in his recent national address on international affairs, with such comprehensiveness that it certainly must apply to the issue of race:

After centuries of ignorant and dull compliance, hundreds of millions of people in eastern Europe and Asia have opened the books. Old fears no longer frighten them. They are no longer willing to be Eastern slaves for Western profits. They are beginning to know that men's welfare throughout the world is interdependent. They are resolved, as we must be, that there is no more place for imperialism within their own society than in the society of nations. The big house on the hill surrounded by mud huts has lost its awesome charm.

This issue of race and its influence upon our Allied cause was forcefully impressed upon me in an experience with an India leader who had been my traveling companion on a speaking tour through a certain state. Our entertainment had been carefully arranged beforehand. One evening, however, in an emergency we had to get something to eat before speaking. We went into a restaurant. My Indian friend is a Doctor of Philosophy from Harvard. I found him a brilliant mind and a delightful companion. That evening he faced an excruciating humiliation. He removed his turban when he sat down at the table. The waitress came in to serve us. She saw the Indian "colored man." She reported his presence to the manager of the restaurant. He ordered us out. My "colored brother" and I walked into the night. I was so chagrined and ashamed that it was difficult to talk. With real Christian grace, this sensitive Indian reminded me that the late President Datta of Forman Christian College in Lahore, who had been a Y. M. C. A. official in Geneva and had represented the Indian Christian community at the Round Table Conference in London, when traveling in the United States was forced to ride for nine hours on a *Jim Crow* car in the cold without food. Later, I told of these two experiences when speaking in New York, and a woman from the Middle West stood up to say she could well understand. Her husband had phoned her one evening and asked if he might bring two guests home to spend the night. She inquired who they were and he replied that he had with him two men from India who were to speak at the Rotary Club the next day. He had tried to get them into every hotel in the city, but they had been turned away.

When I arrived in India, it was with a touch of em-

barrassment that I met my friend with whom I had been ordered out of the restaurant. We did not talk very much of America, nor did we talk of our speaking trip on which the gross insult of racial discrimination had occurred. Mr. Nehru knows the issue. Mr. Gandhi knows the issue. And the Japanese military know the issue. That is why they have been dropping leaflets over many parts of Asia asking why certain colored peoples of the world persist in fighting for Britain and America when the colored race is so constantly humiliated. It is outrageous for the Japanese military to take advantage of this weakness in view of its own record, but nevertheless it does. The force that can meet this vicious propaganda by the Japanese military most effectively is the Christian mission. In the Christian mission, white man washes black man's feet. In the Christian mission, yellow, black, brown and white men hold hands and sing and live "In Christ there is no East or West."¹⁵ Of course there have been religious imperialism and paternalism. But any defense of such attitudes has been done away, and now any indication of racial discrimination within the Christian church is challenged squarely. If our religion be carried to victory, as a false sense of white superiority promotes the gross evil of racial discrimination, the Christian mission must declare and reveal Christian brotherhood.

And furthermore, if our religion be carried to victory, as mad relentless hate saps our country's vitality and destroys nations all over the world, Christians must yet dare to believe in love. Do we realize how the forces of hate are eating at our very doors? In the New York *Herald-Tribune* of June 5, 1942, four columns were given to three letters, all of which had the same spirit which characterizes the following quotation from one of

them: "Above all, it seems to me any peace conference held by the allied powers should be openly and unashamedly selfish without the benefit of hypocritical moralizing or Jehovah-witnessing upon the goodwill which we bear to all men." In both *The New York World Telegram* and *The New York Times* not long ago, I was startled by seeing a copy of a cartoon picturing a United Nations soldier holding in his arms a woman who had been bombed and a child clinging to the woman's breast. The soldier is looking toward the bombing planes and with fist upraised he is given the words in the caption: "Do not forgive them, O Lord, for they know what they do." In a dispatch accompanying the cartoon in *The New York World Telegram*, it is reported: "Blunt hatred conveyed through corrosive cartoons is the way Arthur Szyk, noted magazine artist and miniaturist, strikes back at the enemy. . . . Mr. Szyk has the right to his hate, and he feels a bit more of the grim-eyed mood is needed here. The USO soon will circulate his sharp-edged satires in the camps as a way of whipping up further animus against the foe." The problem is clear. Hate is a great temptation in these days. In our weakest moments we give way to dark moods in view of horrible persecutions. The New Testament and all history rise to substantiate the fact that hate breeds hate and hate breeds death. There is no victory in hate.

A secular magazine has a feature entitled "The Cult of Brutality." It rebukes modern commentators and columnists who breed hate. It suggests that if brutality is our formula for victory, we throw away the fruits of victory even before it is won. The liberal *New Statesman and Nation* of Great Britain comments on the possibilities of the German workers revolting against the Nazis: "They will not revolt so long as they believe it is

the purpose of the United Nations to make life for them and their children unendurable to self-respecting men.”¹⁶ There is also reference to an item in the London *Times*: “Until a ray of hope appears, that military defeat can lead to something better than mere extermination or fresh servitude, Germans may continue to demonstrate that Britain is not the only country where military setbacks do not automatically weaken the morale of the population.”¹⁷ In the editorial one reads further, “Those who repeat the bromide of all master races toward subject peoples, ‘the only language they understand is force,’ are simply naive. Frightfulness is an inevitable by-product of certain military operations; but it is more likely to strengthen than weaken the home front in Germany. . . . On the psychological front our great effort should be to prove to the peoples of the Axis powers, particularly Germany, *that our victory will be theirs.*”¹⁸ These are daring and statesmanlike words of the secular editorial writer. God forgive us if in the church of Christ we do not speak out as heroically. If our religion be carried to victory, as mad relentless hate saps our country’s vitality and destroys nations all over the world—Christians must yet dare to believe in love.

If you have ever visited a leper colony, I know you have not forgotten. The first leper colony I ever saw was in Miraj, India. That was some five years past. A few months ago I returned to the colony. I recalled the deep emotion which took hold of me there when I first spoke to a group of lepers. This time I returned with the director of Miraj Hospital and the colleague of my journey. We were received by a leper band at the gateway. To the strains of martial music a thronging group of eager men, women and children led us to a compound where a touching program of songs was presented. The

leper leaders carried flags. On each flag was a cross. Each person wore either a hat or an arm band upon which was the letter "V". I was not surprised because this was a Christian leprosarium and in India under British rule. As the program proceeded I was humbled almost to the point of tears when the interpreter told me that the song they were singing was "The Cross is the Supreme Ornament of Man." In Indian custom we were given garlands as honored guests. The garlands, made at the leprosarium, were of tuba roses. A tuba rose in Marathi means *fragrance of night*. As we were leaving, the band appeared and the lepers marched on either side of us as our car pulled out of the compound. Again the group sang lustily, each one holding up a hat or an arm band on which was the "V". I wondered what they were singing now. I noticed they were repeating something over and over. "What do they say? What are they singing?" The interpreter replied, "Victory! Victory for Christ!"

The lepers are still there. In epitome they enact a drama which could teach life's greatest lesson to our hurt, diseased world, if it would only heed. Sick and weary, these burdened men and women suffer severely. By the accepted standards prevalent among so many who have been hardened and embittered by life today, they might well give way to hate and greed, to lust and murder, to madness and despair. But they do not. They have faith. They have hope. They have love. For they have God. Their souls are strong, renewed, redeemed. They build on. Eternity has been set in their hearts. That is why they sing. They are brothers. They have found what it means to trust. They are enduring to the end. They are carrying their religion to victory. They know—and we must know—the way to victory is Christ!

VIII

UNEXPLORED REMAINDERS

IN A BOOK on personal religion entitled *The Testimony of the Soul*, Dr. Rufus Jones calls the first chapter, "Unexplored Remainders." Here he writes of those unknown and possibly unlimited areas of the human spirit which yet remain to be explored after science has completed its analysis of man's personality. Apply this thesis to the world Christian movement. Consider whether there will be areas in the Christian mission and geographical and functional opportunities remaining for exploration after this war is over—after the material forces of the world have ceased their intense and terrible pressure of limitation and destruction.

What of the world mission of the church in the years ahead? The future will not bring a *brave new world* but a tired, exhausted world, hurt and sobbing in pitiful gratitude for the cessation of hostilities when wounded men will try to make a peace. Whenever this time comes, will we have anything left of our present historical missionary effort to carry on? What areas of opportunity will remain? It is not the general question of the making of a just and durable peace that I would discuss here, but rather will the mission movement still be an adventure? Will there be any valid potential remainders within and without the Christian mission to be explored? Will we have anything left *of* and *for* our historical missionary effort to carry on?

The affirmative answer is in God. One finds confidence in the words of Saint Paul at Lystra:

God . . . in times past suffered all nations to walk in their own ways. Nevertheless he left not himself without witness.¹

God hath not left himself without witness—neither will he—this is our Christian certainty. Whatever the outcome and conditions in a post-war world, whatever the new structure of the church at such a time, there will be remainders in and for Christianity, values conserved, results of the years to be explored for Christ's sake and by his power.

In my judgment, the greatest evidence of an unexplored remainder which will live on to challenge Christians after the war is the enduring fact of the Madras Conference. In the midst of the pressure of war, have we forgotten Madras? It is well to pause and remember that at Tambaram, near Madras, India, from December 12th until December 29th, 1938, 471 persons from sixty-nine countries or territories prayed and planned together concerning: the faith by which the church lives; the church—its nature and function; the unfinished evangelistic task; the place of the church in evangelism; the witness of the church in relation to the non-Christian religions; the witness of the church in regard to practical questions of method and policy; the inner life of the church; the indigenous ministry of the church both ordained and lay; Christian education; the Christian ministry of health and healing; the place, function and training of the future missionary; an adequate program for Christian literature; the economic basis of the church; the church and its changing social and economic order; the church and the international order; the church and

the state; Christian co-operation and unity; the relationship between the younger and older churches; the church and rural and urban problems; and many other particular critical issues emerging in the life and work of the church and community in strategic world areas. By their very nature these emphases of Madras remain and will remain to be explored.

Remember that war was a realistic element at Madras. China and Japan were in hideous conflict. German Nazism had its clutch upon German Christians. For months prior to the conference there was doubt whether it could be held because of war. Out of such war psychology, with men and women from the belligerent nations among its leaders, this statement of faith was placed at the heart of the Madras findings:

To all who care for the peace and health of mankind we issue a call to lend their aid to the church which stands undaunted amidst the shattered fragments of humanity and works tirelessly for the healing of the nations, and those who already share in its life and especially its leaders we summon to redouble their exertions in its great tasks to press forward the evangel among all peoples, to strengthen the younger churches, to speed practical co-operation and unity, to bear in concrete ways the burdens of fellow Christians who suffer, and above all to take firm hold again in the faith which gives victory over sin, discouragement and death. We look to Christ, to his cross, to his triumphant work among men and take heart. Christ lifted up draws all men unto him.²

Many thought Madras had arrived at a place and time of achievement. We now see that the conference was only beginning to achieve. Before the world church got under way in post-Madras exploration—hell broke loose.

But the forces of hell have not and will not be able to destroy the remainder of Madras in the sixty-nine countries to which its delegates returned all over the world. They continue to present to the church with faith and courage the challenge of unexplored remainders. The greatest opportunities for the world Christian mission are ahead of us. Now is the time for post-war planning, prayer and faith. It is encouraging to be able to record that this planning is already under way. In the summer of 1942, the Foreign Missions Conference of North America, a co-operative organization in which 122 foreign mission boards and societies of Canada and the United States join in spiritual fellowship and unite in planning, declared its post-war purposes through its executive committee and set up an organization so that the following fall and winter should be given to prayer and preparation for implementation of the Madras findings in a post-war world. During that summer representatives of the Foreign Missions Conference, in both denominational and group meetings placed strong emphasis upon many phases of rehabilitation and reconstruction which will be needed for many years after the war. One such group issued the conviction that we need more clearly to integrate in the minds of North American Christians the need of America in this regard with that of the so-called "foreign" missionary areas and that such an undertaking in the years immediately following the war could well be considered as one of the major missionary tasks of the church. Note an extract from the minutes of this timely meeting, for these words may prove to be prophetic:

We should say to our constituency that there is need for penitence and repentance as we look at the post-war world and for newly conceived endeavor. We

should recognize that this process of reconstruction is not merely an effort toward reestablishment, nor is it required solely abroad. We shall need it here. Both here and there we should work as sharing partners with our fellow Christians from overseas. . . . Evidence does not support the view that we can turn aside from any fields with which we have been providentially related. Our increasing concern at the present time should be identifying ourselves with their sufferings that we may enter into fuller fellowship through these sufferings. We should busy ourselves primarily these days in the creation of an atmosphere in which large creative works may take place. There must be creative atmosphere in which we may agree to differ and determine to understand and become identified in a great creative task across lines of denomination, race and nation.³

Madras was a call to explore the further possibilities in Christian unity. In one sense a meeting in Atlantic City in December, 1941, was an answer. Here for the first time in the history of American Christianity simultaneous meetings were held of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, International Council of Religious Education, Home Missions Council of North America, Foreign Missions Conference of North America, Council of Church Boards of Education, National Council of Church Women, United Stewardship Council, Missionary Education Movement of the United States and Canada. Joint meetings of these agencies were held at a number of the sessions. Plans initiated at Atlantic City for closer co-operation and co-ordination unite the purpose of Madras with a far reaching implementation of the emphasis of the Oxford and Edinburgh Conferences of 1937 and the Amsterdam Conference of 1939.

By way of intimation and example consider but two

illustrations of unexplored remainders which even now challenge the world mission of the church. The first is geographical, and the second is functional.

The American Bible Society has published an article entitled, "The Russian Door is Ajar." It shows a photostatic copy of a radiogram sent a few months ago from Geneva to the Bible House in New York which reads:

HAVE PERMISSION DISTRIBUTE SCRIPTURES RUSSIAN
PRISONERS STOP MAY WE PLACE FIRST ORDER THIRTY
THOUSAND NEW TESTAMENT FIFTEEN THOUSAND
SWISS FRANCS FINNISH SOCIETY.⁴

Commenting upon this "radiogram that opened the door" the article states: "Before 1914 evangelical religion in Russia was almost inconsequential. It was the wide distribution of copies of the Scriptures by the Y. M. C. A. and other service organizations among Russian prisoners of war, that resulted in the notable growth in the numbers of little groups of believers all over Russia when the prisoners were released after Russia's capitulation to Germany in 1917. One denomination alone claimed to have had not less than a million adherents. Churches were growing rapidly. Theological training schools were opening their doors. Russia was triumphantly on the way to becoming a nation with a strong evangelical movement when the paralyzing blow of Bolshevism fell in 1920. Since then the Bible has been strictly banned. Now, after the strange ways of God, the process is beginning all over again."⁵ An unexplored remainder!

Functionally, consider the tremendous unexplored remainder of illiteracy. Because it has been so revealing and impressive to everyone with whom I have shared it,

I place before you the entire remarkable letter which Dr. Frank C. Laubach wrote at Madras. Dr. Laubach is a missionary of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. For years he has served in the Philippines. Distinctive success came in a literacy project of his own making among the Moros on Mindanao. He has permitted very graciously this presentation of his letter:

Tambaram, Chingleput Dist.,
S. India.

Tambaram, 11:29 A. M. Dec. 29, 1938
At the Madras World Missionary
Conference.

Dear Fellow Tambaramer,

All of us will soon be writing to our new and old friends but none perhaps so soon as this—before you have left the grounds! Did Dr. Mott's tremendous message just now do to you what it did to me? As he spoke of new vistas, a billion silent voices seemed to come from the blue curtain behind him saying to me, "You betrayed us—you did not plead our cause." Until I write to you I shall not sleep again.

Eleven hundred million people, almost two-thirds of the world, had no delegate here at Tambaram, never have had a delegate anywhere, are voiceless, for they cannot read nor write nor vote. In Asia and Africa, over a billion people are illiterate, over half the human race, nine persons out of every ten. This cold paper cannot tell you what that means. You think it is a pity they cannot read, but the real tragedy is that they cannot speak; they are the silent victims, the forgotten men, driven like animals, mutely submitting in every age before and since the pyramids were built. The educated classes do not

dream how they suffer. A couple of hours ago we nearly wept about the oppressed Jews, and we have felt deeply for our fellow Christians. They have a voice. We had no indignation for a billion illiterates. It is a human weakness not to realize suffering unless we hear a cry. The illiterate majority of the human race does not know how to make the cry reach us.

Our gospel declares "The spirit of the Lord is upon me . . . to set at liberty them that are bruised." The most bruised people on this planet, the naked, hungry, the fallen among thieves, the sick in fear, the imprisoned in mind, are these illiterates. That is not exaggeration.

It is exact truth. I know them intimately, have watched their minds working. At least a billion are virtual slaves in one form or another. Take India for illustration, where we have been together these past three weeks. There are 340 millions of illiterates, 92 per cent of India, and almost *every* one of them is in debt all his life, he and his children and his children's children. He does not know how much his debt is nor whether the interest is correct. The money lender takes all the interest he can take and still keep his victim alive—for it would be silly to kill the animal that makes you rich. Give him just enough food to keep him from quite starving, and take all the rest. Illiterates never get surplus flesh; the money lenders see to that. In one form or another this is the black sorrow of nearly every illiterate in the world. They do not know enough to live without some leader to whom they are enslaved for life,—more than half the human race are slaves yet, hungry, driven, diseased, afraid of this world, and of the demons in the next. This is the exact truth. They can be set free.

I have not only seen these people across Asia and Africa but have sat beside them, many of them, and

taught them one by one, and have seen a light kindle in their eyes, love and hope dawn as they began to step out of blindness. I know that we can lift this tragic multitude out of their curse, easily, without great expense, by caring and knowing and doing our part. I knew this but I did not say it because I was afraid before such an assemblage of keen minds. Those silent two-thirds had no voice in the first really Christian World Conference ever held. It was those last words of Dr. Mott an hour ago that drove me here to 12 Bishop Heber Hall to try to make amends to them.

Please tell some congregation about those voiceless men and women. I have found that the sheer vastness of their numbers stirs audiences with the sense of something stupendous. It will strike hard because it is new. Few people know that ninety per cent of China, ninety-two per cent of India, ninety-three per cent of the Moslem world, ninety-five per cent of the East Indies, ninety-eight per cent of non-Christian Africa, and ninety-eight per cent of Afghanistan, Iran, Iraq, Turkestan and Arabia, are illiterate. Few know that the four greatest non-Christian religions, the Hindu, Buddhist, Confucian, and Animist are over ninety per cent illiterate. (Japan is the only nation professing a non-Christian religion that is high in literacy. Compulsory education has made her almost entirely literate.)

Few people realize that one thousand million people now illiterate will probably become literate this century. How Christ must yearn for the leadership to be with his church, as education of children has so largely been throughout nearly all the world. For they who teach this billion can win their hearts. The most direct way I know to lead a man to Christ is to sit down beside him with your heart full of love and sweetly and patiently teach

him to read. That humility draws the man, obsessed with a sense of inferiority, and opens his ear to your glad story. You make good on your first promise to teach him and you have confidence as well as his love.

Many of you live close to these illiterates. If you or your friends do not have lessons for adults, it will be my greatest joy to work with you. Governments usually do little pioneering. Most of them are waiting for our lead.

The lunch bell has rung. What a relief this writing has been! Will you not write and say . . . well whatsoever you feel like saying. Did any tiger break loose in you today?

Yours for Tambaran's deathless Vision,

FRANK C. LAUBACH.

New Year's eve—

As I read over the letter I wrote after the closing session, it sounds a bit hysterical. But were we not all in that state of mind then? And perhaps we saw most truly then, while our grand old chief was challenging us to measure up as he had done so magnificently.

I am not going to tone it down at all, for the facts are not hysterical. They are facts, but not cold facts to a Christian. I understated them. Mr. Warren of the Christian Literature Society of Madras and I have been talking today about the other side of the picture. As millions become literate there looms up the staggering task of providing them with enough good literature. These literacy campaigns are going to double the world's readers! Here in India where eleven out of twelve are illiterate, a mighty tide has begun to rise. Millions will be literate soon—before we are ready. In China ten out of twelve are illiterate. But a mighty tide has begun to rise. Ninety-eight out of a hundred Africans are still

illiterate. But we have found that it is astonishingly easy to begin a campaign there. The tide will be rising—before we are ready a billion people, over half the human race, will be surging upon us like a tidal wave. Warren says he is aghast as he sees what a terrifying task we confront as these eleven-twelfths of India begin to read—and speak. Are *we* going to give them that reading, or who? Will it be clean or not? Will they be flooded with the message of Christ or with atheism? Will they love or hate? Whatever is sown in their minds the world will reap. What will happen when this dumb two-thirds shall speak after the silence of the centuries?

In Asia and Africa, next to nothing of the simple reading matter these people need has yet been written for Christ or for better living. We ought to have had tables at the literature exhibit showing what is being circulated against Christ, pandering to depravity or hate. Everybody seems to know how to reach that stratum better than we do.

Look at any railway news stand . . . degradation, murder, hatred, atheism. Here in Madras anti-Christian forces like the Aryasamaj are busy at work. Mr. Warren tells me that all the workers in his press are compelled by the "Labor Union" to subscribe for a Tamil communist paper. Week by week hundreds of agents here and countless thousands throughout the world are busy sowing tares, yet the churches and missions delay action.

Our splendid Section II Report on Christian literature says that the fact that "we acknowledge importance and neglect action" is an "anomaly." "Blindness" would have been less polite but more accurate. This report contains pages about literature for young people, and rightly; pages about literature for educated classes, and rightly; six lines about material for semi-literate adults.

(That was a great gain over any previous great Christian Conference.) Yet these new literates constitute a major world problem. A hundred million more adults read today than twenty years ago. Russia alone claims to have taught eighty millions of adults in fifteen years. The curve of literacy, which has been nearly stationary in Asia and Africa since the dawn of man, is now turning upward. The present trend of that curve indicates that we may expect within fifty years that five hundred million new readers will step out of the silent ranks of illiteracy . . . and speak for the first time. That is the most stupendous, the most arresting, the most ominous fact perhaps on this planet. Nothing can stop it now. Everybody is flooding that unthinkable vast multitude with reading . . . everybody excepting the church. Even our New Testament, originally written in simple colloquial Greek, has been translated into the classical languages of Asia too difficult for new literates to comprehend. Tambaran strikes the hour to stop all these "anomalies."

The New Year's bells are ringing over Madras. Dear friend, may this be for you the most glorious of all years, opening out upon unutterably more . . . F. C. L.

Since Madras Dr. Laubach has conducted literacy campaigns of far-reaching influence and achievement in India and Africa. Latterly, he has been in Latin America on a literacy project under the sponsorship of the Committee on World Literacy and Christian Literature and the Committee on Co-operation in Latin America of the Foreign Missions Conference of North America. Dr. Laubach is untiring in his efforts to visualize for the church the compelling urgency of world literacy as a vast unexplored field.

The fundamental question arises, will there remain power enough in our Christian life to carry on a far-reaching and effective exploration after this war has sapped our vitality and crucified our spirits? Again we remind ourselves that "God hath not left himself without a witness, nor will he." For my part, I am convinced that the spiritual power which will remain and increase through and following this terrible war will in itself be the greatest remainder to be explored.

There will be unexplored spiritual power generated by the desperate sense of spiritual need. There is evidence of this already. When I was in China five years ago, I found a virile Christianity, but it had not reached the strength that Christianity in China reveals now. Today word reaches us that churches are crowded in China. Bibles cannot be printed fast enough to meet the demand. Students after their trek into the interior are turning for Christian leadership in a greater number than can be supplied. War is not destroying Christianity. War is driving the mind and spirit of men into a deep awareness of the necessity of the Christian religion. It is easy to generalize concerning this, but one feels that his generalization is entirely justified as he thinks back over experiences of the last few months in various parts of the world.

Stopping at Rangoon on the way from Thailand to India, it was interesting to find in the secular press the notice: "Community Hall: Meeting for the deepening of the spiritual life." Arriving in India, one was impressed by these words stamped on every envelope that had passed through Thailand: "Thailand implores for world peace."

One Sunday morning we preached in a crowded church in the heart of the busy bazaar of Kolhapur,

India. The little Christian church was jammed in between a Moslem mosque on the one side and a Hindu temple on the other. During the service you could see Moslems passing by the open side windows of the church edifice on their way to worship in the mosque. You could watch them and hear them as they washed their hands and cleansed their mouths with water in order to purify themselves. On the other side, the Hindu temple sent the smoke of its incense across our congregation. From the pulpit, one looked down the center aisle, out of the rear door into the crowded, noisy bazaar where Indian fakirs, sacred cows, merchants, beggars and other elements of the crowded humanity of India pushed by. In the midst of these surroundings the singing of Christian hymns, the offering of Christian prayers and the testimony of Christians seemed to speak for all of India; first, of the hunger for something that would lift life above the fears, hatreds and superstitions of the soul, and then, of the sufficiency of Christ.

That same evening at Miraj Medical College we met with a group of students who not only stayed late at night to listen to our message but even came early the next morning to hear what we would say of Christ.

But the afternoon was by far the most significant experience of that Sunday. We went to a little village. Do you know that if Jesus had begun calling on the villages of India in the days of his flesh, taking one village a day, and had Jesus lived on earth in his body to continue such a daily visit to this very day, he would not yet have visited all the villages of India? Well, in one of these Indian villages a group of Christians had been waiting for us for many weeks. Unfortunately, we arrived late even on this afternoon of our appointment. We held a one hour service in an abandoned Hindu temple. The

congregation of outcastes sat around with touching eagerness. The Indian pastor sang, read scripture and prayed. We spoke briefly from our hearts of the love and power of Christ. As I think back upon it I remember chiefly the scripture the Indian pastor read. The missionary told me where to turn in the English Bible that I might follow the soft tones of Marathi. Imagine yourself sitting in the midst of a group of outcastes in the barren wasteland of India. There comes deep and tender meaning when you hear: "I say the truth in Christ, I lie not, my conscience also bearing me witness in the Holy Spirit, that I have great heaviness and continual sorrow in my heart. . . . My little children, of whom I travail in birth again until Christ be formed in you. . . . Who now rejoice in my sufferings for you, and fill up that which is behind of the afflictions of Christ in my flesh for his body's sake, which is the church."⁶

After the meeting we were taken to examine a well which the untouchables had been trying to build for their own use, since the other village water was kept from them. They had been unsuccessful in completing the well because of the lack of funds and labor. We were taken to the half-finished church also incomplete because of insufficient funds. They had been trying so very hard. The crowd gathered around as we offered dedicatory prayers for the little church. The minutes hurried by. It was time to catch the train for our appointment at Miraj. An automobile was ready to take us over the dusty roads to the tiny, rural railroad station. We pushed through the crowd toward our car. Something out of the ordinary was in the atmosphere. The crowd did not open up a path to let us through. Men and women and boys and girls pressed around us as if to detain us. We could not understand. We did not know their Marathi,

but our missionary interpreter, with a sense of alarm, said that the crowd was insisting that we should not go. The missionary talked to the leaders, telling of the necessity for our moving on to the student group expecting us at Miraj. This did not satisfy the leaders or the crowd. The younger members were determined that we should not leave. They tried to hold us back by physical force. We made our way to the car and finally got in. Young men held on to the fenders of the car, hoping that they could hold us back. Some men threw themselves on the ground so that the car could not be moved. Other men pulled them away. Eventually, the driver saw an opening and he started his machine with a jerk. It lunged forward and bounced over the trail and across the dusty plain toward the railroad station. Looking back, I saw a pitiful sight. There was the crowd, men and women with the younger ones in front, arms outstretched in acute disappointment because we had not remained to share with them more of the gospel of Jesus Christ. We had to leave them. Fortunately the missionaries could stand by. Out of the desperate need and hunger of the villages of India, there is rising a call for more Christian leadership. Here is a great unexplored remainder. There is poignancy in the words of the poet: "Not till the fire is dying on the hearth, look we for any kinship with the stars."⁷

There will be unexplored spiritual power produced by intensive and extensive human suffering. Evidence of this has been rising out of the agony of China over the past years. The Christian leaders of China have found power through their suffering. It is stupid and insane of the enemies of Christ to think that they can kill Christianity by inflicting pain. Imprisonment and ruthless killing have never destroyed the Christian religion. Such punishment has but produced spiritual power. Name

the countries as you will—China, Japan, the Philippines, Thailand, Germany, Holland, Belgium, England—every Christian knows that out of the crucible of pain Christian truth has arisen, purified and strengthened. I offer one specific fact by way of illustrating this. Here is a paragraph written by a Dutch pastor, smuggled not long ago out of occupied Holland:

In spite of everything, or perhaps because of everything, we are now in a time of spiritual deepening. We receive more force and more joy than we have deserved. But we have perhaps still not yet not been sufficiently changed by the trial. We learn now to live day by day. "Christus Victor" is more than ever "reality" and promise for us. We meet often and as people who have become older and more serious, but who "stand fast in the faith."

Again, there will be unexplored spiritual power inherited from the faithful endurance of Christian missionaries. Let us never forget the fact that the story of missionaries interned and imprisoned will live on in the life of the country to which they have given their lives. I was lecturing at a conference for ministers in the city of Chicago when the newspapers were giving headlines to the persecution of missionaries by the Japanese military in Chosen and Japan. It so happened that early one morning I opened the Book of Acts and turned to this story of Stephen:

With a loud shriek they shut their ears and rushed at him like one man. Putting him outside the city, they proceeded to stone him (the witnesses laid their clothes at the feet of a youth called Saul). So they stoned Stephen, who called on the Lord, saying, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit!" Then he knelt down and

cried aloud, "Lord, let not this sin stand against them!" With these words he slept the sleep of death. (Saul quite approved of his murder.)

That day a severe persecution broke out against the church in Jerusalem, and everyone, with the exception of the apostles, were scattered over Judæa and Samaria. Devout men buried Stephen and made loud lamentations over him, but Saul made havoc of the church by entering one house after another, dragging off men and women and consigning them to prison.

Now those who were scattered went through the land preaching the gospel.⁸

Newspaper dispatches that same day told of a missionary in Chosen who had been tortured with the water treatment, yet saying that whenever possible he would return to preach the gospel to the people of Japan and Chosen. It is not too great a stretch of the imagination to say that somewhere in the crowd which persecuted my friend was a modern Saul approving of his persecution. Pray God that some Saul of today now making "havoc of the church by entering one house after another, dragging off men and women and consigning them to prison" will be changed to a Paul. Perhaps another Kagawa is in the midst of the persecuting groups of Japanese military, whose life will be transformed because of the faithful endurance of Christian missionaries.

Read again, "now those who were scattered went through the land preaching the gospel." Missionaries and national Christians, wherever they are and under any circumstances witness to Christ, cost what it may. The Christian missionary movement is meeting its supreme test and it is not failing. There will be unexplored spiritual power inherited from the faithful endurance of Christian missionaries!

And what is more, there will be the unexplored spiritual power of Christian leadership produced by the pressure of crisis. An experience I had while flying gives me an illustration at this point. As noted before, we flew across the Pacific in a great Pan American Clipper with its crew of ten and its capacity to carry seventy-four passengers. Upon arriving in Singapore we were transferred to a British Airways flying boat which could carry forty passengers and had a crew of five. In both of these planes there were many gadgets and dials to direct the pilots and the engineers. There was a large navigating board over which a navigator worked constantly. When we arrived in Bangkok and stepped out of the British plane, we were told that we were to fly north to Chiengmai over high mountains in a Thai aircraft. It was really ludicrous to see the two of us, overfed and bombastic Americans, literally pushed into the little Thai plane with a small, slight Thai pilot at our side. He could not speak English. We could not speak Thai. The plane trembled and took off. It surprised everyone, including ourselves, by getting up in the air. I noticed that instead of being surrounded by gadgets and dials and a large navigating board, this young Thai pilot held on to the one lone stick which controlled the plane, looked at three dials before him and now and then glanced at a piece of a map he had torn out of an old atlas and thumbtacked on the window sill beside him. Skimming the top of the mountains, finding our way through low hanging clouds, down we went safely into the valley of Chiengmai on the other side. How green was my valley! This young Oriental, without the superior might and circumstances of western mechanical equipment, led us across the perilous mountains and through clouds to a safe and happy landing. In the same manner, out of this crisis young men and women will emerge

to lead the Christian church without the appointments and equipment which the church has known in our Western world. There will be the unexplored spiritual power of leadership brought forth by the pressure of crisis.

This suggests the unexplored spiritual power in the new leadership that will be forthcoming in the post-war world. Not simply as products of crisis, but as the result of the training and tested service of the years, leaders of the younger churches will give to the Christian movement originality, adventure, technique and flavor which heretofore often well-meaning but short-sighted occidental control has retarded. The conference at Madras recognized this. Out of much material released in its findings one chooses:

The older churches have a definite need of the younger churches. As the latter grow in strength and leadership they bring an increasingly rich re-interpretation of our Master and we perceive better "the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ." The most effective witness today in the West is often that of those who come with fresh vision and deep spirituality from the younger churches.⁹

We have good reason to believe that with these new leaders there will be the companionship of young men and women, new missionaries from the older churches. For youth will still obey the Great Commission. From lessons learned in trial by the fire of war, with passionate eagerness, youth will release pent up spiritual power "for the healing of the nations."¹⁰ Reconstruction and rehabilitation will pave the way for and will be a part of a great forward moving and soul touching missionary advance. In this I am confident that many Christian youth from the Occident will follow the leadership of the

Orient. There have been gratifying instances of this in the past. In the future it may well become the rule rather than the exception. There will be many more Koos, Manikams and Kagawas to share equally with western minds and spirits in leading the youth of the world and in creating a new world order, after we have won freedom—freedom of leadership for every man, no matter what the color of his skin.

One finds inspiration now as he dreams of what plans and methods new leadership will discover in the new day. Think, by way of example, of what may yet be done in the cause of Christ with radio, airplane, newspaper, drama, music, psychiatry, rural reconstruction, literacy, self-support, leadership training and most important of all—worship, private and public. Only the periphery has been touched. The fundamental methods of Christian preaching, teaching and healing have in themselves unexplored possibilities waiting for release. The whole matter of the Christian approach to the non-Christian will be revitalized by fresh insight. In writing to me about this very subject recently, Dr. A. L. Warnshuis, who has given so long and so great leadership to the International Missionary Council, suggests that "the approach to people in other lands will need to be greatly modified hereafter and I think that it will be important to realize the necessity of recognizing in a larger way the social groupings of people, with no less emphasis upon dealing with individuals, but always with a view to the conversion of people in their established relationships in families, clans and communities."¹¹

And I believe there will be unexplored spiritual power as the result of the ministry of war-time relief. You are investing in the making of a just and durable peace as you give to the relief of war-stricken areas today. The work of China Relief has opened doors for Christian

opportunity in China. Chinese statesmen and military leaders who paid no attention to Christianity before this are now seeing what Christianity is able to do for the suffering of the world. Such experience in China is only one aspect of the situation. I wish it were possible for me to quote here in full an editorial in *Common Sense* entitled, "How to Win the Conquered." It is a plea to America to use the International Red Cross and neutral countries to break down and through the food blockade and administer to the millions of people in Europe who are today starving, dying of typhus, dying of the diseases of malnutrition. Without medical supplies, a whole generation is growing up misshapen in body and mind. The writer urges that the League of Nations, which is not yet entirely dead, be revised as an organization in the field of health and welfare. I quote this much:

Does all this sound fantastic? Would Germany permit us to carry on this kind of offensive against her own people? Is it conceivable that we should show concern for our own victims? Would our own military leaders ever permit the sending of food, medical supplies and other relief to the peoples of conquered Europe, to mitigate the suffering even of the Germans? Could safeguards be set up to assure that food meant for children or medical supplies intended for civilians would not be diverted to military purposes?

Whatever the answers, such schemes as these should be tried. This is no ordinary war, to be fought by conventional brass-hat methods. It will be fought in vain if it leaves nothing but hatred and destruction and anarchy behind it. We have proclaimed such "fantastic" war aims as "freedom from want everywhere in the world." Daring, unprecedented methods should be undertaken to carry that psychological

attack home. This is one kind of offensive against which the Nazis could find no defense.¹²

We should respond to this appeal, for herein is the way to win the conquered. We *can* be "more than conquerors through him that loved us." In Christ's name and spirit, we must remember that as we do it unto one of the least of his brethren, so we do it unto him. He himself is the assurance that there will be unexplored spiritual power as a result of the ministry of war-time relief.

Surely there will be unexplored spiritual power arising out of the unconquerable fact of world Christian fellowship. The crash of buildings destroyed by bombs and the shrieks of terror-stricken humanity deafen us most of the time, but now and then wrath is exhausted and man pauses long enough to hear of the deep places of the Christian soul. If we will only be still and listen, we may hear songs of Christian comrades resounding across the earth, in spite of war; even as the Christian hymn I heard a group of beautiful and wistfully hopeful young women students sing in India. Their song broke through conflict, hatred, sickness and fear to send me on with deep awareness of the love of Christ which most of us poor humans have never yet really dared to explore:

Beloved, let us love:
Love is of God;
In God alone hath love its true abode.
Beloved, let us love: for they who love,
They only, are his sons, born from above.
Beloved, let us love: for love is rest,
And he who loveth not abides unblessed.
Beloved, let us love: for love is light,
And he who loveth not dwelleth in night.

Beloved, let us love: for only thus
Shall we behold that God who loveth us.¹³

Finally, there will be unexplored spiritual power because of the unfinished Christian task which will be an unlimited remainder after this war. The lure of the unattainable has always brought forth response from the Christian heart. God is not dead. Jesus Christ lives. All things are possible with him. These days demand spiritual preparation for a post-war Christian offensive upon vital and vibrant remainders which must have exploration and regeneration. There will be wounded, in body and spirit. There will be lost men. There will be poverty. There will be race and class. There will be the danger of returning to isolationism. There will be severe problems of making and keeping the peace. There will be sin. And—there will be, also, the church of the Living Christ of God! “Link your lonely disillusioned strivings to the great task of the world church and you will see already in fact what Augustine could see only with the eyes of faith, the church as the center of a new Christendom which is being built up to redress the balance of the old. The City of God remaineth!”¹⁴

Standing before the assembly at the Madras Conference, Dr. G. F. Macleod of Scotland told of meeting an Indian in Bombay, who ventured, “You have taken us thus far, but now we know that you yourselves don’t know the direction; we only know that we can’t go back.”¹⁵ We only know that *we* cannot go back! The unfinished task of Christianity is a vast and challenging unexplored remainder. And Jesus Christ, the Unconquerable, is still the Pioneer of our faith.

Lift up your eyes! Increase your faith, world Christians! O God, the Invincible, give us thy peace “which surpasses all our dreams!”

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